The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 1929 No. 3341

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 53

EDITORIALS:

Lions Lie Down with Lambs 56
Can We Abolish Sunday? 57
Let the Negro Ride! 57
No Laws for Dawes 58

IT SEEMS TO HEYWOOD BROUN 59

LAW—AND LAW ENFORCEMENT. By Victor S. Yarros 60

REVOLT IN HOLLYWOOD. By Somerset Logan 61

BACKHILL CULTURE. By Charles Morrow Wilson 63

IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 65

CORRESPONDENCE 66

BOOKS:

Lines from an Ungallant Lover. By Irwin Edman 68
A Creator of Myths. By Clifton P. Fadiman 68
Rabelais. By Eliseo Vivas 69
War from the Front. By James B. Wharton 70
Births and Deaths in Western Europe. By Kate Holladay Claghorn 71
A Sentimental Sage. By William Gruen 71
Concerning Narrative Verse. By Eda Lou Walton 72
History Briefs. By William MacDonald 72

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:

Modern Spain—IV. Official Corruption. By Carleton Beals 74

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor
HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, Managing Editor

Associate Editors
ARTHUR WARNER
DOROTHY VAN DOREN PAUL BLANSHARD

Dramatic Editor JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
Literary Editor FREDA KIRCHWEY

Contributing Editors
JOHN A. HOBSON HEYWOOD BROUN H. L. MENCKEN
NORMAN THOMAS LEWIS S. GANNETT CARL VAN DOREN
MARK VAN DOREN LUDWIG LEWISOHN

DAVID BOEHM, Advertising Manager

Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: Nation, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 34, Clifton Gardens, W. 9, London, England.

DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN never needed a more miraculous rescue than the fifteen men and women who go to trial on July 29 in Gastonia, North Carolina, for the murder of Chief of Police Aderholt of that city. And, unfortunately, the prisoners in Gastonia are no Daniels come to judgment. Many of them have been reckless in talking to impressionable crowds, some are Communists, some are Northerners, some are foreign-born, and one was actually caught with a Russian grammar. It would be hard to exaggerate the prejudice that they will encounter when they go on trial before a Southern jury from which has been eliminated every person expressing sympathy with the cotton-mill strike. The strikers who actually killed Chief Aderholt seem to be in much less danger than the leaders of the strike, because the killers are unknown (they shot from a darkened building) while the leaders have been the object of bitter hatred from the beginning of the struggle. Affidavits produced at the habeas corpus hearing in Charlotte indicate that the prosecution will attempt to convict Fred E. Beal, Vera Bush, and Amy Schechter, three strike leaders, of first-degree murder, and the penalty for first-degree murder in North Carolina is the electric chair.

TO GOVERNOR C. C. YOUNG of California we extend best wishes for a thoughtful vacation. Governor Young has promised during this summer's vacation to read the record of the Mooney case and to decide whether he would be justified in pardoning the man who has lived twelve years within the walls of San Quentin prison because he was convicted of bombing the San Francisco preparedness parade on evidence which the trial judge and the jury have repeatedly branded as perjury. For Mooney there will be no vacations until he is given an unconditional pardon. "I will rot and die within the walls of San Quentin prison before I will accept a parole," he says. "Parole is for the guilty." Tom Mooney's indomitable spirit and the overwhelming proof of his innocence have at last caught the imagination of the public. On the floor of the Senate at Washington Senators Nye and Wheeler have exposed the whole story of the outrageous frame-up which led to his conviction. In the twenty-six Scripps-Howard papers throughout the country a campaign of editorials and articles has been going on for weeks to arouse national protest. At the University of Oregon the members of the faculty of the law school have declared, after investigation, that they believe Mooney and Billings to be innocent. The volume of protest has become so great that even a California governor cannot afford to ignore it.

PROHIBITION as it is practiced has claimed two more lives, this time in Oklahoma. Though there is confusion as to who fired the first shot, certain important facts are established: James Harris and his brother-in-law, farmers living near Tecumseh, are dead; they were fatally wounded in a dry raid for which no warrant had been issued; the raid was conducted by a federal prohibition officer, W. W. Thomason—who claims, however, to have been "across the road" during the shooting—and three "deputies" who held no commissions but were, apparently, merely voluntary assistants to Thomason; Thomason and his three musketeers are in jail charged with murder. Meanwhile, the county attorney makes a statement which is coming to be heard with ominous frequency: "No liquor was found"; and the local American Legion Post (both victims were World War veterans) has petitioned President Hoover not to extend the Government's "protecting hand to thwart prosecution" of the accused men. There is an irony to be added to the story. The fatal, illegal, and perhaps inexcusable raid took place on Independence Day.

IT IS PLAIN that the Administration is desperately afraid of the political dynamite involved in the proposed Bank of International Settlements. For political purposes in this country, there is no connection between reparations and Allied debts to the United States. Economically, and in fact, Germany's payments have come to hang largely on what her creditors must pay us, and Messrs. Young and Morgan, like sensible economists and business men, frankly acknowledged the relation in the arrangements they made. Further, a world bank is as much anathema politically as the League of Nations or the World Court. Actually, no matter what happens politically, there will be an international bank, because economically there must be. Out of the political situation came Secretary Stimson's emphatic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

declaration that the Government would "not permit any officials of the Federal Reserve system either themselves to serve or to select any American representatives as members of the proposed international bank." To this Thomas W. Lamont quietly replied that if any central bank refused to take part officially, alternative arrangements had been provided whereby "the same end is intended to be attained."

THEN HE CARRIED the war into the enemy's country by his statement in *World Trade,* the official organ of the International Chamber of Commerce, that the bank in its natural course of development "may become an organization not simply or even predominantly concerned with the handling of reparations, but also with furnishing to the world of international commerce and finance important facilities hitherto lacking." He suggests that it will provide a common meeting ground for the governors of the various central banks, thus making possible the cooperation that has proved essential to the stability of credit. "If in years to come," he says, "it takes on broader functions [than handling reparations] it will be because and only because there is a practical and specific use for it in branches of economic life which are not now served." Here is economic reality unpretendingly set forth by one who is in the midst of financial affairs—a world bank coming into existence because it must. If Mr. Hoover and the rest of the government choose for political reasons to ignore it and pretend it is not there, the bank will still exist, only our government will not have any control over it.

THE GREATEST SECRETARY of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton is certainly the world's luckiest fiscal officer. While his European confreres sweat blood in their efforts to balance the budget, Uncle Andy, having turned over the thankless task of prohibition enforcement to Mr. Lowman and Commissioner Doran, is able to spend the long summer evenings with his numerous friends playing that ancient game so well loved by children, "Surplus, surplus, who's got the surplus?" It's no great trick to be Secretary of the Treasury in a country like this one, where over a series of years the revenues persist in overtopping your best guesses by anything up to half a billion dollars. It may hurt your reputation as a guesser, but it eases your task as a disbursing officer. The budget estimate was for a surplus of $37,000,000 for 1928-1929 as against the four-hundred-million surplus of 1927-1928. When Congress began increasing appropriations, there came from the White House a sour warning of a deficit. In fact, as a result of undeserved financial good luck, we took in only nine million dollars less during the fiscal year just closed than during 1927-1928, and though we spent two hundred millions more, we yet closed the year with a surplus of $185,000,000. The public debt, which has been cut during the year by $673,000,000, is now less than seventeen billions, against its maximum of more than twenty-six billions in 1919, and there is no reason why we should not pay it off at a faster rate.

THERE IS, OF COURSE, renewed talk of a tax cut. The President and the Secretary of the Treasury fortunately speak cautiously about this possibility. Mr. Mellon points out that the surplus is more than accounted for by the "remarkable increase" of $220,000,000 in individual income-tax receipts, owing, he says, after a proper bow to prosperity and the reduction of surtax rates, "more specifically to increased income realized on the sale of capital assets, due, in the main, to an exceedingly active and constantly rising security market"—in other words, to the profits of stock-market speculation. It is a shaky foundation for a surplus, and we should be glad to see the Administration resist the immediate temptation to a tax cut, at the same time that it takes vigorous action to make possible the prevention of the projected waste of money on cruisers, uses real economy (by which we do not mean the Coolidge starvation of socially useful government activities), fights vigorously the ever-present danger of plain pork-barrel projects, and uses the surplus of another year, if we are again so fortunate as to have one, for yet further debt reduction. Despite our inevitable grumbling, federal taxes are not burdensome. The real danger of an overflowing treasury lies in the temptation it offers to extravagance and waste. The past year's surplus would have been even bigger but for tax refunds, which from June 1 to December 31, 1928, totaled $105,569,893 in cases of more than $75,000.

RAILROAD CONSOLIDATION under the Transportation Act goes slowly forward, and may produce results by the end of the century if the big carriers can compose their differences. The New York Central on July 3 received permission from the Interstate Commerce Commission to embody in its system the Michigan Central and the Big Four, on condition that it take over six short lines whose maintenance is required in the public interest. To say nothing of the competing interests of the big roads, which ever since the passage of the Transportation Act have bedeviled the question of consolidation in trunk-line territory, the problems involved in putting the roads together are extremely complex, in view of all the clashing private and public interests involved, as the present order clearly illustrates. Commissioner Eastman, for example, in dissenting from the order of his fellow-commissioners, objects that the proposed terms require the New York Central to pay a 50 per cent dividend on the outstanding minority stock of the Michigan Central, a proceeding which seems to him "an indefensible anomaly." Commissioner McManamy, who also dissents, objects that out of seventy-two short lines connecting with the New York Central only six are specifically dealt with in the commission's order. The numerous disagreements between the commission and the roads over specific questions and even over major issues suggest how inadequate the motive of private interest alone is to bring about the most desirable form of grouping. Without assuming that the commission is always right and the roads always wrong, we see here fresh evidence of the need for a central coordinating authority whose sole business is to see to it that we have an efficient and economical transportation system.

IT IS REFRESHING to read that the Board of Regents of that giant corporation, the University of California, has chosen a business man as its new president. Robert Gordon Sproul is a self-made man. He began as a newsboy, earned his way for the most part through school and college, and soon after his graduation returned to the university as its cashier. He was promoted to be assistant comptroller and then comptroller and vice-president. Now

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he has been promoted to the highest office in his "firm." This is as it should be. President Sproul is completely familiar with the ramifications of an institution which has an enrolment of 22,552 students in branches scattered throughout California, of whom less than half are centered at Berkeley, the seat of the university. The fact that he has no Ph.D. will certainly not hamper him in the executive position he is called upon to fill. It is high time that our big American universities should be recognized for what they are—business organizations for mass production in education. The sooner this fact is admitted the sooner we shall be able to gauge the demand for universities in the true sense of the term, i.e., institutions devoted to scholarly and creative pursuits. Already the distinction is being made between those who go to college for general background and contacts—valuable and worthy purposes both—and those who go in search of learning. Colleges designed for the first type of person should be open to all who come and headed by competent executives who need not pretend to be scholars. The inner circles of learning should be strictly limited, and the men who direct them should not be burdened with the highly unscholarly cares and intrigues of big business.

WHEN THE UNIVERSITY of the State of New York in 1926 conferred on Emily Howland the degree of Doctor of Letters, Harry Emerson Fosdick as orator of the day said:

> There can have been in history few times when an independent minority was more deeply needed than now—men and women who dare to think their own thoughts, stand on their own feet, take charge of their own lives. We need men and women who know that the economic order cannot remain as it is, that we must look forward to a more decent day when the profit motive sinks and the service motive rises into the ascendancy; men and women who see that a narrow nationalism will not do, that patriotism is not enough.

The death of Miss Howland in her one-hundred-and-second year closes a life that shows to the full the best possibilities of individual living. A Friend throughout life and a consistent follower of the Inner Light, Miss Howland gave a full three-quarters of a century to the unpopular cause of Negro education. Independent, unpretending, gentle, enthusiastic, strong withal, she served no less effectively in behalf of temperance, woman suffrage, and peace. Without bitterness, without weariness, without fear, she was in truth one of those who do justice and love mercy and walk humbly before the Lord. Here was an American of the sort that constitutes the glory of any country.

WILL NO ONE come to the defense of George Washington? The "true" biographers and the debunkers have had their day and ceased to be, but now the Post Office Department is carrying on a hot-weather war of its own that threatens to deprive the Father of his Country of his place in the sight, if not in the affections, of his countrymen. When asking recently at the stamp window for "a dollar's worth of twos," we found ourselves gazing in horror not on the pink and cherubic countenance of Washington, but on the equally pink figure of a rotund warrior. Inquiry among the *Nation* staff yielded contradictory results. One oracle maintained that Major General John Sullivan had a distinguished Civil War record; another that he was the best-known world "champeen." That vehicle of British propaganda, the Encyclopaedia Britannica, informed us that General Sullivan, with four thousand men, defeated the Iroquois and their Loyalist allies near Elmira in 1779, burning their villages and destroying their orchards and crops—for which exploit he was severely criticized but none the less received the thanks of Congress. Our patriotism is broad enough to cover any number of major generals; but in view of all the sesquicentennials that a historically minded Post Office Department can think up, what is to become of George Washington? Have we old-time patriots no rights?

THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA, in all its majesty, has suppressed a book, "India in Bondage"—which we hope will soon find an American publisher—written by the Rev. J. T. Sunderland, who was born in England but has spent the greater part of his life in America where he now resides. Since his first trip to India in 1896 as a member of a commission sent by the British Unitarian Association to study and report upon the educational, social, and religious conditions of the Indian people, Mr. Sunderland has followed Indian affairs closely and is the author of several books on the country. "India in Bondage," as its title indicates, is sympathetic to India's desire for independence, but violence has no place in its program. Mr. Sunderland presents a sober, factual case against British rule. His theme is the right of men, including Indians and Englishmen, to govern themselves. On May 24 the printer and publisher of the book, which was brought out in Calcutta, was arrested and charged with sedition, while forty-eight copies, including the original manuscript, were seized. "Mother India" was allowed to circulate freely in India, though its inaccuracies and insinuations wounded the sensibilities of every intelligent Indian. No doubt another recent book, "India on Trial," by J. E. Woolacott—which states the case for Great Britain—will be permitted on the bookstalls of India. It is a panic-stricken government that dares not allow both sides of a question to be stated. There is a crumb of comfort, however, for Mr. Sunderland. The action is abundant proof that the title of his book is justified.

AN EXTRAORDINARY TRIBUTE has been paid to C. P. Scott in connection with his retirement at the age of eighty-three from the editorship of the *Manchester Guardian*. But great as the tribute has been, it has not been—hardly could be—excessive or undeserved. Mr. Scott has been the editor of the *Guardian* since 1872, and under him it has come to be a commanding influence in the English-speaking world in the development of liberal and well-informed public opinion. The adjective "greatest" is a dangerous one to apply to anything, but one may fairly say that over a long period of years the *Guardian* has been, in respect to its editorial pages, at least, the world's greatest daily newspaper. Although retiring as editor, Mr. Scott will continue to be managing editor of the journal and is quoted as saying of his staff: "I could still sack the lot if I were not satisfied." The necessity will probably not arise as he is succeeded as editor by his son, E. T. Scott, who has been with the staff since 1912. We can wish the new editor no greater success than that the newspaper shall continue to hold the place it has long so honorably occupied.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lions Lie Down with Lambs

WINSTON CHURCHILL, long the Tory Chancellor of the Exchequer, tauntingly promised Ramsay MacDonald "cordial cooperation in the Government's self-imposed task of carrying out the Conservatives' policy and making the world easier if not safer for capitalism." And indeed there was little in the King's speech of a Socialist Government which might not have been written by a Liberal or even by such a member of the Conservative Party as Lord Robert Cecil. It pledged cooperation with the United States toward disarmament, which surely no man in England would oppose; it promised a policy of conciliation on the Continent; it pledged the most earnest effort to solve the unemployment problem, without suggesting any radical Socialist solution; and it looked, if the Dominions should agree, to signature of the compulsory clause of the World Court plan, in the preparation of which English statesmen heartily opposed to Labor had collaborated. Finally, it declared for resumption of relations with Russia—a policy warmly welcomed by British business men and financiers.

Does this prove that British Labor has gone conservative? It seems to us that it proves rather that in some respects business men and politicians of other parties have caught up with Labor. The British Labor Party never was a Marxian revolutionary party, and it is not today. In colonial policy it is likely to hold close to the old traditions, but in international relations it has consistently advocated a policy of open-hearted conciliation, and it has not receded from that. The great achievement of Ramsay MacDonald's first term in office was to persuade the French and German statesmen to sit down together as friends. That led to Locarno, and if Locarno did not solve Europe's problems it at least produced an attitude which made further mad adventures like the invasion of the Ruhr impossible.

It is for such a change in the spirit of Anglo-American relations that we look to Mr. MacDonald now. It may be that he and Mr. Dawes will not be able to discover a satisfactory "international yardstick" by which to measure the parity of our navies. But if they fail they will at least fail as friends, and the spirit is more important than the formula. The ghastly disgrace of the Geneva Conference in 1927 was not that the British and American admirals could not reach a formula, but that they parted as they had met, distrustful and suspicious of each other, breathing fire and talking war possibilities. Agreement upon cruiser types and tonnages is vastly less important than the spirit in which naval rivalry is discussed.

It is significant that Mr. MacDonald's speech and attitude have commanded such universal approval in Great Britain. Violently as it would oppose nationalization of the mines, British business gives Ramsay MacDonald its cordial support in his program as regards America, the Rhineland, and Russia. Mr. Churchill was right in saying that Mr. MacDonald's foreign policy seemed today to be one of making the world safer for capitalism; but he forgot that it was not Mr. MacDonald but Mr. Churchill who had changed his mind. Mr. MacDonald has always preached peace and stability, believing that Labor would have the best chance of winning its economic demands in a peaceful and friendly world; Mr. Churchill, high priest of capitalism that he is, has advocated browbeating Germans and maintaining barbed-wire barriers between Communist Russia and the rest of the world. He has learned despite himself that such policies do not aid business; he admits it in his taunt to Mr. MacDonald. And therein lies a significant and hopeful fact. Increasingly, the conservative business forces which once thought in narrowly nationalistic terms see that their own interest lies in the direction of Labor's dream of an internationalized world.

Indeed, it may well be argued that business is the most powerful force for peace in the world today. It has not the conscious idealism of the old international labor congresses, but it has a power of influencing governments which they lacked, and almost nothing happens in the world today to which business is unitedly opposed. The Labor Government comes into power in England partly because a section of British business has ceased to fear its domestic policy and has come to respect its international program. And on the other side of the world Japanese business has just played the major role in forcing a change in Japan's positive policy in China. Japanese labor is still too weak to affect government policy; but Japanese business found that mere nationalism in China hurt Japanese trade. The Tsinanfu expedition and the suspicion of Japanese participation in the plot that killed Chang Tso-lin aroused a resentment in China which made itself felt in Osaka and Kobe—very sensitive to declining export figures.

In this country, too, despite the Grundys and the other tariff maniacs, despite the threats of oil wars in the Near East and the power rivalries in South America, one may count upon the support of the substantial business community in any reasonable program of Anglo-American friendship. And when the United States finally gets around to recognizing the existence of twelve-year-old Soviet Russia (which Mr. Hoover now indicates may be in the near future), it may well be that only the hidebound reactionaries of the American Federation of Labor will be found repeating the old curses of 1917, while hard-headed business men, shepherded by the enigmatic Ivy Lee, will demand those normal diplomatic relations which give business its best protection.

The millennium has not yet come. Business has not changed its hankering for profits, and occasionally profits coincide with conflict. There were those who, in 1914, felt assured that the interlocking interests of British and German capital would prevent the cataclysm. Business was not a unit then; it is not a unit today. It is no more a unit than is labor, say in this country, where the old guard and the Communists hate each other with far more bitterness than either of them directs against the employers. But there is a trend. The gory lesson of 1914-1918 has not gone utterly unheeded; the distresses of Europe in the post-treaty period of national rivalries were even more impressive. And behind these is the impelling influence of the swelling economic tide of international trade.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Can We Abolish Sunday?

TO distribute leisure equitably in a machine age without an undue waste of productive power is no easy task. Borrowing our practices from the pre-machine age we have accepted the notion that there is only one sound method of distributing leisure, that is to choose one day in every seven as a compulsory legal holiday and close factories, stores, banks, and schools on that day. If it has occurred to some that this distribution of leisure is tremendously wasteful in view of the overhead expense required to maintain machinery in idleness, the practice has not been subject to severe attack because the institution of Sunday has seemed to be the only device that would guarantee leisure to everybody. So, while Sunday as a religious holiday has declined in the face of higher criticism and the motor car, the day as an institution of leisure has acquired new sanctions from enlightened public opinion. We have been anxious to defend it from the seven-day-a-week employer, so anxious in fact that we have not stopped to ask whether the basic idea of a universal weekly holiday may not be outmoded as the machine process enters into new areas of our life.

Now comes the Soviet Government rushing in where individualists fear to tread and abolishes Sunday as a legal holiday by decree. The decree, which is scheduled to go into operation this month, did not receive in the American press the attention that it deserves, perhaps because American editors interpreted the new policy as simply one more anti-religious gesture by an atheist government. Walter Duranty of the New York *Times,* however, sensed its full importance when he said:

> Whoever conceived this measure is little short of a genius, for it kills at least five big birds with one small stone. First, it will increase factory output 20 per cent. Second, it will provide jobs for workers eliminated by industrial "rationalization." Third, it will be a powerful weapon in the Soviet anti-religious campaign against Sunday and church holidays. Fourth, it will give "more backward" countries like England and Germany a new idea for their struggle against unemployment. Finally, it will reduce overhead by the elimination of the weekly "let-down" both of machines and man-power.

Of course the Soviet Government does not propose to sacrifice a single hour of the workers' rest-time by this new plan. It will try to establish in place of Sunday and Saturday afternoon a stagger plan of leisure, giving every worker one day and a half to two days of holiday every week. Ultimately it expects to make the five-day week universal for the workers and the seven-day week universal for the machines.

When one asks if such a plan could be applied to American industry numberless difficulties suggest themselves. What if the courtship of John and Jane were progressing satisfactorily by virtue of mutual, languorous week-ends together when suddenly the government or the corporations declared that Jane's holidays from the office should come on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and John's on Thursdays and Fridays? The thought of millions of Johns and Janes and Mr. and Mrs. Johnses and little Johnses being separated from one another or from chosen friends during their holidays creates sympathy in our heart for them and for any Chief Distributor of Holidays in an American industrial Utopia. Also, the plan is useless for farms because they could not be run economically under a stagger system of labor forces unless they were prodigiously large; and the plan implies much more social control of industry than exists in America today or is likely to exist for many years to come. The Russian government is not only the commander-in-chief of national industry but the chief employer, directing the scope and methods of industry through the Gosplan as a general directs an army. With our negative conception of government as a strolling policeman we could not put into effect a coordinated plan of work-distribution that would guarantee leisure. The simple, clumsy scheme of weekly universal holidays now in force seems to entail the maximum of social control that our employers will tolerate.

But when we have said that the Soviet plan of abolishing Sunday is not practical for America today we have not destroyed the prophetic significance of the experiment. Whether we like it or not, we are moving in the direction of this plan. Thousands of American industries now keep in operation seven days a week with a shifting labor force and the stagger system of leisure: for example, railroads, steamship lines, motion-picture theaters, newspapers, electric and gas companies, police, fire, and water systems, gasoline and repair stations, dairies, hotels, restaurants, and drug stores—to say nothing of homes. As our life has become more interdependent and complex these industries have gradually been accepted as seven-day necessities, although many of them are not. During the war we promptly abandoned our conventional notions of Sunday and leisure as far as the factory system was concerned. In the light of these experiences and tendencies the Soviet plan of distributing leisure is neither so fantastic nor so revolutionary as it seems at first glance.

Let the Negro Ride!

NORTH CAROLINA is witnessing a strange perversion of the notorious "Jim Crow" laws. Whereas originally these were intended to discriminate against the Negro by separating him from the white race, today certain Tar Heels are invoking their "Jim Crow" law in order to guarantee the Negro accommodations equal to those provided for whites. In other words, the civil rights of the North Carolina Negro are receiving protection through the much-maligned "Jim Crow" measures.

In the past six years North Carolina whites and blacks have put more than $120,000,000 into hard-surfaced roads. Their system has received nation-wide attention. Recently this was indicated by a poll of the American Automobile Association in which 78 per cent of the motorists listed North Carolina as their favorite touring State. This development has been financed chiefly by motorists—white and black alike, according to the relative power of the white man's Lincoln or the Negro's Ford. In this respect there has been perfect equality of the races. Not a trace of racial discrimination. Graciously the whites have allowed the Negro to pay as he rides and to ride as he pays.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Following in the wake of this highway construction has come another economic development in which the Negroes have not been allowed to participate. This is the modern system of motor-bus transportation, the foundation of which rests on the good roads of the State. So far as Negroes are concerned, busses are closed vehicles. By day and night they thunder over the highways partially built by black money, but in light and darkness they carry only passengers of fair skins. The Negro's money is legal tender when it comes to buying cement and crushed stone, but no Negro's dollar passes at the ticket office. Take a Negro in Asheville who wishes to visit his mother in Raleigh, or do some cotton picking with his folks in Cumberland County. If he has an automobile, he can go ahead; if he hasn't, and there is a train running to his destination, he can board a "Jim Crow" coach; if neither of these is possible, he is faced with a long walk, for he cannot buy a ticket on a bus, even though the company has a franchise as a common carrier. For years the Negro may have been paying gasoline taxes, automobile taxes, accessory taxes. But that makes no difference. North Carolina roads are built by the whites and the blacks, but "For Whites Only" read the signs in the Tar Heel busses.

Certainly this is a strange situation. But stranger yet, and highly welcome, is the movement now under way in North Carolina to remedy the situation—to give fair treatment to the Negroes by forcing the busses to transport passengers regardless of their race. This movement is headed by a group of prominent whites who are associated in an interracial commission. Realizing that efforts to allow Negroes to ride side by side with whites would prove futile, these North Carolina residents have played their legal cards skilfully. They knew that the "Jim Crow" law required all common carriers to provide separate compartments for white and Negro passengers. So they applied to the State Corporation Commission for an order directed to the bus lines. The Corporation Commission side-stepped. It admitted that the law was with the interracial body, but denied that the matter was in the jurisdiction of the commission. So the interracial organization went to the courts for an order to require busses to transport Negro passengers. It won. On April 27 Judge Barnhill ruled from the Superior Court bench that bus lines were common carriers and must "provide equal, but separate, accommodations for white and Negro passengers."

For years persons believing in justice for the Negro have objected to "Jim Crow" laws. The protests started in 1881 when Tennessee passed the first measure requiring separate compartments or coaches on railways for the two races. Other Southern States soon enacted similar laws to separate the two races on trains and steamboats, in cafes, in restaurants and theaters, and sometimes even cities and towns. Protests against these laws have continued, in some cases going into the courts, but to no avail. Even the United States Supreme Court has approved the constitutionality of the "Jim Crow" laws. This court held that where equal accommodations were provided, separate accommodations were not illegal discriminations. Today certain liberal-minded Southerners have seized upon this for the benefit of the Negroes. They are not thinking of political equality, nor are they striking at white supremacy. They wish equal opportunities in economic life for all, and their fair-mindedness is full of promise for better racial relations.

No Laws for Dawes

YEARS hence, when the contemporary papers of the State Department are published as red, white, and blue books, the dispatches of Charles G. Dawes, our ambassador in London, will prove rich reading, thinks a correspondent of the New York *Times*. He writes:

> When asked today if the ambassador was as candid in his correspondence with the department as in his speeches, Secretary Stimson said that he was more so. The public, the Secretary of State added, has a restraining influence on the ambassador which he himself did not seem to have.

We anticipate that some of Mr. Dawes's dispatches will read about as follows:

London, June 26, 1929

DEAR STIM: So this is London! Well, Hell and Maria, if this is London give me Peoria. Went to the Queen's court last night. Wore pants same as in God's country. No knee britches for me! What's good enough for Chicago is good enough for London. "How's tricks, your Majesty?" I asked, wanting to be nice to Mary. She looked at me like a pain in the neck for a full minute. Then she just said "Oh?" I suppose that's the English idea of a snappy comeback. DAWES

P. S. The coffee here tastes like the Chicago drainage canal used to smell.

London, July 2, 1929

DEAR STIMMY: Lloyd George came around for tea, as he called it, though I'd had it put in all the papers that I wasn't serving any hootch at the embassy. (It's not worth while; this foreign stuff hasn't any pep to it.) He bragged about winning the election. "How do you get that way?" I asked. "All the papers had Mac winning." "But the Liberals have the balance of power," he said. "Listen, Bo," I answered, "I notice Mac and the Labor boys have all the offices. In God's country the boys who get the offices have all the power they want, and anybody is welcome to the balance." CHAS.

London, July 8, 1929

DEAR OLD ELK: The French Ambassador called this morning and I asked him to hang around and have lunch. As it was the hired girl's day off, I took him to a Lyons restaurant, wanting to make a good impression. I asked him what he'd have, and after a glance at the bill of fare His Excellency (like hell!) looked at me and said: "Toad in a hole." "Toad yourself," I came right back, "and frog too. The only industry your country's got is the manufacture, transportation, and sale of immoral post cards. Besides, Frenchie, you owe us a lot of money and if Andy Mellon doesn't have a check by the first of the month he'll put the bill in the hands of a collection agency."

Had dinner last night at Lord Highhat's of the Cold-cream Guards. Sat by Lady or Duchess Somebody-or-other. I can't remember which or who and didn't give a cuss. I couldn't understand her English and so got out my pipe and smoked. Finally I made out she was asking me how I like the English summer. "Well," I said, "it's not so hot." "Not so hot as what?" she asked, the dumbbell. It sure is true the English have no sense of humor.

Lord Highhat invited me to visit him in August for the shooting. Hell and Maria, no! I left Chicago to get away from the shooting. CHARLIE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It Seems to Heywood Broun

A YOUNG Southerner in the current *American Mercury* displays rather more than the usual frankness about the Negro question in an article called A White Man in the South. The point he develops is hardly startling, and yet few of his fellows are willing to make the same confession. G. Peyton Wertenbaker says in effect that the familiar Southern talk about this or that being for the best interest of both races is sheer bunk. The attitude of the embattled Nordic is conditioned solely by what he feels to be his own self-interest.

I believe very firmly that the self-interest of which the young man speaks is essentially short-sighted. It seems to me that the Southern white has suffered almost as much as the Negro from the policy of segregation. Still, it may be an excellent indication of better days to come when pretense can be abolished by white debaters and the whole problem treated realistically. But even the somewhat disarming frankness of Mr. Wertenbaker cannot hide the fact that he, too, labors under the weight of stencils. The best minds of the South have been corrupted by the fact that it is the custom of the country to send logic and clear thinking out of the room as soon as the word "Negro" is mentioned. Surely no one can fairly assert that the South has approached this particular subject in a scientific spirit. Science demands of its disciples that they shall familiarize themselves to the highest possible extent with the material under discussion. The South on the other hand has set up a paradox. The proud Nordic begins by saying, "Down here we know the Negro." But almost immediately he adds that, of course, he would never think of having any social contacts with him. No man is a hero to his valet, and in return no master ever knows his servant as a complete human being. The Southerner who studiously refrains from ever going into a Negro home except for charitable or immoral purposes has no right to claim intimate knowledge of a race which he has rendered outcast. Surely self-consciousness is not swept away by handing over a Christmas turkey and, to paraphrase a familiar anecdote, sexual intercourse does not constitute an introduction. If the South really wants to know the Negro it should delegate some white man to be blasted for the sins of the people and to live, if possible, upon terms of complete equality with a colored family.

The particular fallacy which Mr. Wertenbaker accepts without any first-hand investigation is the familiar one that it is really too bad to give a liberal education to any Negro because the added knowledge will only serve to increase his tragic sense of frustration. This is a very familiar assertion, and the white men of the South find it comforting. It helps to ease the Caucasian conscience over the fact that the South is still niggardly in the matter of appropriations for Negro education. It is fair to say that in recent years there has been a vast improvement in this respect, but even now the emphasis is placed almost entirely upon schools which fit the student for some trade.

"An educated Negro," writes Mr. Wertenbaker, "must live in a strange and unhappy world of introspection. The color-complex must overshadow and distort all his attempts to give himself completely to the problems which ordinarily occupy a man's mind. Education is the means of preparing men for our complicated civilized life. What is the point of educating a man who is, from the beginning, denied any share in that life?"

But a somewhat similar argument could be used against the higher education for anyone at all. Knowledge does increase sensitivity, and the educated man, white or black, is more keenly conscious of the shams and injustices which walk abroad in the world. But there is compensation for both Negro and Nordic. The college professor who is snooted or patronized by some rich Babbitry alumnus has sufficient realization of his own superiority to laugh in his sleeve at the stupid fellow. The antics of a Heflin may anger the uneducated Negro; they merely serve to amuse the black who can look down at the Senator from an eminence.

It is not rash to assume that Mr. Wertenbaker has never been the close friend of any educated Negro. He could not otherwise so readily accept the picture of the black scholar suspended drearily between earth and heaven. Naturally each man testifies from his own experience, and upon examination of all my acquaintances I select without question one who lives more fully and has more fun than any other that I know. He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, a graduate of Columbia Law School, a superb musician, and a Negro. I mean Paul Robeson. The *Mercury's* Southern observer does not seem to realize that it is possible for an educated Negro to attain a state where he looks with a somewhat amused contempt at the ruddier manifestations of race prejudice. Many times I have heard Robeson tell with great hilarity of some slight which he had encountered on a train or in a hotel. I don't mean that the incident may not have been annoying or even painful at the time it happened, but the man had sufficient poise and background finally to drain off his emotion by putting the whole thing into a funny story.

After all, a Negro who has had the privilege of outdistancing his white rivals in the classroom and of shaking the very teeth of Nordic halfbacks upon the gridiron cannot possibly be humiliated by having Caucasian supremacy dangled in front of him. No Negro is truly a tragic figure merely because some white man informs him of inferiority. He becomes tragic only if he believes it. But the skeptics are hourly increasing. It is a curiously simple game which the Southern white has played upon the Negro. By main force he holds the black man's head close to the earth and then he says: "See; you are a member of an inferior race, and I can prove it to you by pointing out that you insist upon holding your nose in the dust."

But if G. Peyton Wertenbaker thinks that there is anything dismal or tragic in being a Negro intellectual I think he should plead for a Harlem invitation. He will find that the colored college graduate has learned, along with other things, the secret of true gaiety. When Dr. Du Bois dances any spectator can readily observe that the higher education is not a handcuff to the Negro.

HEYWOOD BROUN

4120

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Law—and Law Enforcement

By VICTOR S. YARROS

NOT a few liberals think, and say bluntly, that the whole investigation of law enforcement and law observance by a special national commission is a Babbittian-Pecksniffian enterprise bound to end in smoke, or, rather, in a few platitudinous and perfunctory exhortations to which no attention will be paid by any considerable group. This view is plausible, but not necessarily sound. Much will depend on the attitude and methods of the commission, or of those of its members who have moral courage, breadth, insight, and appreciation of the relation existing between lawmaking and the great forces that shape the life of states and civilizations. There are some able, cultivated, and thoughtful persons on the commission. If they succeed in formulating its problems correctly and in freeing the collective mind of the commission of all cant and make-believe, they should accomplish much good.

It is true that Mr. Hoover has asked the commission to inquire into the enforcement and observance of *all* the laws. Such a task, of course, is impossible and would be futile were it possible. It is true that Mr. Wickersham, the chairman of the commission, has been making superficial and confusing remarks concerning the scope of the investigation and the results to be aimed at, but these discouraging circumstances need not prove fatal.

The first question to ask is this: Whence the striking and notorious differences in the general treatment of laws, organic and statutory? Plainly, the assertions that "law is law," and that all laws have the same sanctions behind them, are arbitrary, gratuitous, and contrary to the clear testimony of history and experience. Laws fall naturally into categories, and it is necessary, at the outset, to distinguish and differentiate the categories.

There are, for example, the laws forbidding murder, arson, burglary, theft, forgery, and like acts. Few sane persons violate these laws deliberately. We say that the murder rate in this country is too high, or we assert, with Chief Justice Taft, that our administration of criminal justice is "a disgrace to our civilization," and there may be truth in such affirmations. But has any intelligent person ever said that the murder rate was a serious menace to the American government, or to the institution of property, the family, or capitalism?

On the other hand, millions of persons daily and gaily violate the Volstead prohibition law; millions of persons violate systematically, and without the slightest strain on conscience, the so-called general property-tax law still in effect in most of our States; tens of thousands smuggle in contempt of the ancient and dishonorable customs laws; millions of white persons in the Sunny South trample upon the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments of the Federal Constitution and ruthlessly disfranchise millions of black citizens of the United States. Again, millions of Americans pay little heed to anti-gambling and anti-betting laws. They play poker and bridge for money, and do not feel that they are bad and undesirable citizens by reason of that fact. Obviously, the laws just mentioned belong somehow in a category different from the group enumerated earlier.

Between the two categories named there is at least one other, instances of which may be found in the income-tax laws, national and State, or the banking laws, or the laws controlling and regulating railroads and other public utilities.

Now, to comprehend the categories and the reasons why they arise and persist, the Hoover commission would do well to refresh its memory by consulting Blackstone, Sir Henry Maine, Professor Dicey, James C. Carter, Dr. Hadley, and other writers who have written philosophically on the subject of lawmaking and the relation of that process to what we call public opinion. It might read up some chapters in standard law books on the development of the Law Merchant. Such studies, even if not thorough, would shed considerable light on the supposed-to-be burning question of law observance and law enforcement. They would direct attention to certain basic and essential principles which no legislative or executive authority can afford to disregard.

There is another suggestion which I would humbly submit to the commission. Let it ask itself, in considering this or that law which admittedly meets with troublesome resistance, whether or not, if it were referred to the electorate *de novo,* it would be likely to receive the approval of a *decisive* majority. This test of a mental referendum is not infallible, to be sure, but it would be very helpful and suggestive. How many persons, for example, would vote for the repeal of the major features of the Criminal Code; how many for the repeal of the Volstead law; how many for the repeal of protection; and how many for the repeal or liberalization of the anti-gambling and anti-betting laws? The results of such referendums would be arrestingly and significantly different, and assuredly the differences would not be accidental! Some years ago that able and thoroughly judicious London journal, the *New Statesman,* in discussing the prohibition agitation in Great Britain, said that it would not oppose a national prohibition law if 85 per cent of the voters should, at a referendum election, register their approval of such a law. The suggested percentage may seem arbitrary, but it is at bottom reasonable and philosophical. Where the moral issue in or behind a proposed law is not clear, democracies should beware of imposing the will of an insufficient, unimpressive majority upon a strong, solid, respectable minority.

I would venture to make a third suggestion to the Hoover commission. It cannot examine and cross-examine millions of average citizens, but it can select a few hundred prominent, representative, and influential citizens—citizens who preach law observance on every occasion—and put certain questions to them. The answers would be illuminating.

For instance, why not invite Messrs. Taft, Coolidge, and Hoover to appear before the commission and state why they have done nothing, while in the White House, to enforce the Negro suffrage provisions of the Constitution? What President has sent a special message earnestly recommending reduction of the representation of the South in Congress? If no such message has ever been sent, why has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a part of the sacrosanct Constitution been treated as a dead letter? And what has the President or either of the living ex-Presidents to say about the example they set to the nation by their indifference and hostility to that part of the Constitution? Again, let the commission put on the witness stand some fifty or sixty churchgoing and benevolent millionaires and ask them why they have evaded and violated the general property-tax laws. These laws, we know, are antiquated, confiscatory in thousands of cases, and badly in need of modernization, but, if "law is law," what right has any citizen to pick and choose, to decide what laws he will obey and what he will forget and ignore? Yet again, let the commission ask national and State legislators why reapportionment provisions have been nullified for decades, why whole sections and districts have been partially disfranchised.

The answers in all the hypothetical cases mentioned for purposes of illustration are known in advance. No sincere thinker will pretend otherwise. We may summarize the answers as follows: If a government wants its laws observed and effectively enforced, it must see to it that they are *enforceable* to begin with—that is, consonant with dominant public opinion. Few laws command literally universal assent; but any law that offends the intelligence and the sentiments of any considerable portion of the average population is foredoomed to fail. The laws that are and long have been evaded and broken are laws of certain types—laws that millions of respectable and otherwise docile and conservative persons deem to be unbearably tyrannical, or silly and totally unnecessary, or the product of bigotry and ignorant fanaticism.

No student of the political and social sciences will question the cogency and validity of these answers. In the words of H. G. Wells, the Anglo-Saxon peoples have their own ways of enacting laws and of nullifying them. The notion that free and intelligent men have ever worshiped law and obeyed all the commands and injunctions of legislatures lacks even the semblance of support in history or in contemporaneous experience. Is it desirable to undertake a campaign in favor of complete unquestioning obedience to and respect for law as such? No thoughtful person will answer in the affirmative. It is too late in the day to claim divine origin and divine sanction for law. Where the law is not intrinsically reasonable and respectable, it is idle to urge respect for it. Laws put over by accidental majorities at the behest of organized and aggressive minorities, or even bare majorities, will always cause mischief and friction. Let me suggest that the Hoover commission will do more for order and good government by advocating the repeal of obsolete laws, unenforceable laws, laws repugnant to the mental habits and ideas of millions of reputable persons than by favoring severity in punishment or reiterating the fallacy that the way to get rid of a bad law is to enforce it strictly.

Further, the commission has a fine opportunity to recur to and emphasize certain fundamental principles and propositions. Let me mention some of them:

In the words of John Morley, government should not ask more of human nature than it is capable of giving.

Governments cannot sell privileges or play favorites, and escape corruption.

There still is, and there always will be, a distinction between *malum per se* and *malum prohibitum,* and there is good reason for the distinction.

Majorities have no divine right to coerce and rule minorities, and the power of majorities must always be exercised with discretion and moderation.

The tastes and habits of millions cannot be suddenly elevated by legislative fiat, and where tastes are vulgar and low, they should be gradually, tactfully, gently improved. Roughly and unceremoniously to deprive millions of the amusements and diversions they prefer and enjoy is not to better the moral-aesthetic situation, but to invite extra-legal and illegal shifts and devices on their part.

Control and regulation may yield beneficial results where prohibitory laws defeat their avowed purpose.

The Hoover commission, then, can render notable service to the cause of rational order and civil liberty by re-emphasizing the foregoing and similar truths, and by insisting that unenforceable laws should be repealed by common consent, not persisted in under the hollow notion that "law is law" and that there is some moral duty to obey every law that happens to linger on or to reach the statute-books.

Revolt in Hollywood

By SOMERSET LOGAN

Hollywood, June 23

EQUITY will prevail in Hollywood. The embattled thespians of this city, members of the Actors' Equity Association, are girding up their loins for combat with the motion-picture producers and their wealthy backers. The producers have doggedly refused either to negotiate with the actors, or to recognize their union in any way. If the present uncompromising attitude is maintained, there is only one effective weapon available for the actors—the strike.

During the first week of June of this year, Frank Gilmore, president of the Actors' Equity, notified all members of the association residing in Los Angeles that on June 5 and thereafter only the new Equity basic agreement was to be accepted by Equity members from producers of talking or sound pictures—which virtually meant *all* pictures. Contracts signed before that time were to be scrupulously observed, but upon their expiration nothing but the Equity agreement was to be signed.

Mr. Gilmore and the Equity Council considered this action mandatory on their part, since six months ago, in response to a questionnaire sent to all Los Angeles members of Equity, 1,087 votes were cast in favor of all-Equity casts for talking pictures, and only 98 against. Therefore, after a close study of the local situation, Mr. Gilmore, who is now in Hollywood leading the fight, fired the first gun.

The struggle promises to be an interesting one, for more than 70 per cent of the people in talking pictures are members of the Actors' Equity, many of them commanding the highest salaries. Several actors who ignored the edict of their organization and signed non-Equity contracts on or after June 5 have been promptly suspended from their union.

The producers are receiving the powerful assistance of intrenched privilege, including the local commercial organizations and the newspapers. Behind the actors are the Central Labor Council of Los Angeles and the American Fed-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eration of Labor. J. W. Bussel, secretary of the Central Labor Council, to which Equity is now allied, has pledged the unqualified support of the federated unions—the strongly organized camera-men, the operators, the electricians and carpenters, and allied crafts. President Green of the American Federation of Labor, in a telegram to Mr. Gilmore, has promised his heartiest support.

The courageous move of the Actors' Equity is the result of the picture actor's determination to have a union of his own, capable of correcting obvious abuses and instituting much-needed reforms. With the advent of the talking picture came the necessity of employing many legitimate theater actors with trained speaking voices. The local forces of Equity were increased, and a crisis became inevitable.

The abuses and maltreatment which the picture actors —particularly the small-part players—have suffered can scarcely be overstated. Actors are sometimes forced to accept contracts offering a lump sum for their part in a picture. In these contracts there is no stipulation as to the length of the working day, or the length of the entire engagement. An actor, upon engagement, must take the casting-director's word. Actors are quite frequently paid nothing for rehearsals. There are instances of players being required to work from sixty to eighty hours a week. When on location, any hours, from eight to twenty, have constituted a day—sometimes with an additional bonus, sometimes not. The entire working schedule is hopelessly vague and inequitable to the actor. The new Equity contract would correct such flagrant abuses.

Of course, the individual star can insist upon his own terms—and his price, but the character actor and the small-part player—and that includes the overwhelming majority of players—are frequently victimized. If they speak their mind, they are seldom reemployed at the same studio. With the recent amalgamation of so many of the picture companies, and the antagonism of the producers' association, this is no slight matter.

Actors' salaries in motion pictures may appear exorbitant to the outsider. But for every fabulous amount pocketed by some star of the first magnitude, there are a hundred modest salaries meted out to the small-part player. Moreover, the motion-picture actor, like so many of his legitimate theater confreres, is seldom sure of continuous employment. There are many weeks in each year when the actor is waiting about or looking for another transient engagement.

The producers are resorting to every conceivable device to break the spirit of the actors. As soon as Equity's ultimatum was received, one player after another was called to a studio—where he had never worked before—and was offered a tempting non-Equity contract. If he refused, he was told it was regrettable, and such a good part too! In one instance, a studio stock company was suddenly organized, offering long-term non-Equity contracts. Casting-directors are looking over files of players which have not been touched for a year. Lists of actors, including a few Equity people who signed the standard non-Equity studio contracts after the designated time, have been published in all the local press.

Every few days, the local papers, completely ignoring the essential decency of Equity's demands, and refusing to print any pro-Equity statements, publish reputed interviews with this or that prominent actor or actress, condemning the stand of Equity and highly commending the producers for their habitual sweetness and light. Both the *Times,* with its notorious anti-union proclivities, and the *Examiner,* with its owner a picture producer in his own right, have had lengthy editorials against Equity. In order to offset this propaganda, the local Equity Association is publishing, semi-weekly, the *Actors' Equity News.*

The tone and general attitude of the little paper are well exemplified in the following excerpt. The *Times,* in a recent issue, said: "Instead of remaining an association of artists, it (Equity) placed itself in line and agreement with stage-hands, ditch-diggers, janitors, iron-molders, and such." To which the *Actors' Equity News* responded:

> WHY NOT? Walter Damrosch, Victor Herbert, and others found such alignment no bar to their art nor their dignity. WHY SHOULD YOU? And, after all, what's the matter with a ditch-digger . . . or a janitor, or a stage hand? A ditch-digger may not always be a ditch-digger. He may become a producer, or even a director. Just as much chance as shirt salesmen, clothes peddlers, waiters, or saloon-song pluggers.* That you once followed a lowly trade is no disgrace. Rather the reverse.
>
> Oh, *Times,* you got off on the wrong foot, for——
> There was a Rail-splitter. . . . And once there was a Carpenter.

* * * * *

On June 17 the Actors' Equity Association called a general meeting of its members at the Writers' Club in Hollywood. More than 1,200 actors thronged the hall. George Arliss was in the chair, and Frank Gilmore addressed the gathering. There has never been such a display of genuine enthusiasm in Hollywood. Both speakers were given an ovation. The entire assembly stood up and cheered lustily for several minutes.

Mr. Gilmore read a resolution passed by the Central Labor Council of Los Angeles, pledging unstinted support. He then reviewed the present situation in the studios, emphasizing the necessity for Equity shop. He described the few members who had issued statements in the daily press against the organization as "selfish egotists, indifferent to the welfare of their fellow-players." When the players' names were mentioned they were greeted with a storm of boos and hisses. In concluding, Mr. Gilmore said:

> This uprising of the motion-picture actors is no passionate gesture of the moment. It is the result of eight years of striving to get the producers to meet us in a friendly conference, and because of their indifference to our efforts this move was the only possible thing to do, if we intend to remedy the flagrant injustices which are now so common. . . . We must win because our cause is just, and because in the offing there lies the sympathy and the association, if we need it, of the great American Federation of Labor.

The meeting adjourned with the actors singing the song first used in the theatrical strike of 1919, "All for one, and one for all." Other meetings are scheduled. The local office is a hive of activity. A strike? Perhaps. But with a resurgence of the indomitable spirit which characterized the struggle of 1919 and 1924, Equity is bound to prevail in Hollywood.

* A gentle reminder of the humble antecedents of a number of our directors and producers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Backhill Culture

By CHARLES MORROW WILSON

CULTURE is not altogether a matter of geographical locality. The backhills have their intellectual life. They hold sensitive spirits and brilliant and appreciative minds. They hold dynamic philosophies, some of them still in infant stages, others hoary with age. The backhills have their literature; a literature of speech, for the most part vague and rambling, but a literature with the profound simplicity of uphill living.

A hillman's speech is usually one of isolated colloquialisms and hazy contradictions. His stories are frequently lacking both in beginnings and endings. But if you aren't interested you are at perfect liberty to slide over to the other side of the store steps and set in on another one. Hillbillies are dynamic story-tellers and story-builders. Convince one that you are not a federal-enforcement officer, a State game warden, a professional timber buyer, or a tourist from Kansas, and the chances are that he can tell you more stories in a forenoon than you can get from a year's subscription to the *Saturday Evening Post*. Stories happen in the backhills. There are old-time jubilations, barn-warmings, moonshining, stabbings, and gunplay. I know of a community in Taney County, Missouri, which claims the distinction of not having had a social gathering without bloodshed in seventeen years. There are stories of romantic rascals, horse thieves, cattle rustlers, lost valleys, guerrilla wars, dark-of-the-moon lynchings where fathers unknowingly have swung up their own sons. There are yarns about cave peoples, about Spanish gold, stories of pioneering, and of Reconstruction roughness; proverbs of wealth, weather, and fertility, explanations of being and becoming, of death and war and birth, and of eternity. There are yarns without limit either of length or of number, told by a people who have long been accustomed to indulgence in a leisurely extravagance of time.

Traditions in the back-country are as numerous as the turning lanes and flood gullies: That a soldier was shot down by the bushwhackers, that Uncle Ike Sellers buried gold in tin cans underneath his bean poles, that Dickey Dye was accustomed to slaughter twelve pigs annually for the nurture of each of his twelve offsprings, that one of the Kilgew boys saw a beautiful lady all in white standing alongside the rail fence by Hawson's hog pasture the night after the Pentecostal meetin'—these are typical of backhill traditions.

As a general thing backwoods people are not a reading folk. Because of the scant literacy, the isolation and poverty, books and magazines are scarce. But there are surprising exceptions. Take lodging for the night in a high hillside cabin and you may run across a fine old volume of Milton or Browning or Thoreau or Shakespeare, or you may find an old codger who sits about oozing forth dissertations upon the dictums of Omar. One time in a high-brush district of Carroll County, Arkansas, I ran across an old-time Victorian reading society composed of a dozen or so sockless yahooes who were reading aloud "Paradise Regained"!

But such instances are by way of exception. An occasional debate, a pie supper, a meetin' down at the schoolhouse, if there happens to be a schoolhouse, exposure to up-country fiddlers who play from shadowy recollection and highly concentrated stimulant, or possibly a "musical" conducted by a wandering singing-master who will for four bits and a night's lodging render ditties of praise and jubilation, these are approximately the only pursuits of aesthetics available in the backhills.

The up-country villages offer no relief. As a rule these are poor and docile and far-scattered; stragglings of paintless gray shops holding conglomerations of shelf groceries, harness leather, bolt drygoods, and powerful pills. The storekeeper sits with folded arms and sagging enthusiasm. He waits and waits. Presently he strolls out front and watches the clouds or goes into protracted reverie about when life was young down on Drake's Creek and clear corn liquor cost but a dollar a gallon. Then by the time he has adequately damned and god-damned taxes, road improvements, rural schools, and government, exchanged ribald salutations with some lively ladies from down around Eagle Knob, and sold a couple of pounds of Arbuckle's coffee and a pair of socks the day is done, and he is free to amble home, eat supper, blow out the lamp, and go to bed. As for the town's taverns and dens of refreshments, they are generally more or less filled with meandering drummers or circuit-riding lawyers or enforcement officers, any one of whom would ever so much rather be back where the crop of corner coppers and God-fearing Methodists is more flourishing.

Protestantism is fast dying in the backhills. Here in northwest Arkansas, for example, there are stretches of up-country twenty miles square which have neither a church nor a parson. Even more striking instances of the scarcity of God-houses may be pointed out in mountain sections of Missouri, Tennessee, or Kentucky. A recent church census conducted in one of the hill counties of southwestern Missouri showed that fewer than 10 per cent of the population professed themselves "Christian." As poverty comes to be more pressing, Protestantism becomes scarcer and scarcer. During a good season an up-country peasant's cash income will probably not average more than fifty dollars a year. In drought years he will take in virtually no cash at all. And if he has neither dollars nor any likely prospect of dollars he obviously cannot jar down with a bountiful Sunday's offering.

But preachers must be paid. An ambitious and progressive Methodist parson cannot be expected to stick indefinitely at Pettigrew, Arkansas, with a salary of twenty-one dollars a month and an annual allotment of four pigs, winter's firewood, and a wagon-load of corn. Accordingly backhill preachers are rapidly moving down to more promising pickings. For there are the valley towns with sewerage and police patrol, and the cities with their blocks full of souls in need of salvation and moving pictures with vaudeville.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

True not all the Holy Rollers, Primitive Baptists, and Aboriginal Methodists have filtered down into the municipalities. In the outskirts of some of the backhill villages one can still find their diminutive congregations, but these very exceptions make the preservation of Protestantism all the more difficult. Denominationalism is iron-bound and the clashings of sects is both bitter and vicious. Thumb-sized slugs of lead have been known to enter into these pious discourses.

The hill-country commoner is far from being gullible. When it comes to four-square Gospels including orations on universal education, benevolent democracies, and better bulls and babies, he is likely to be slow to nibble and slower to swallow. Occasional roving exhorters come and go, and now and then a countryside will hold a late summer revival or a brush-arbor meetin'. But these outdoor protractions are essentially occasions for emotional overflow. There are generally more reversions to Bacchus than fearful prostrations before stern-featured Jehovah. In fact it would appear that in the run of these late August revivals there are more souls made than saved.

So, with the increasing scarcity of Protestantism the hillbilly may be able no longer to bolster his ego with periodic holyings. And as a result he takes on other deities, of whose potency he is daily conscious. Thus there have come into being another order of backhill gods—the trinity of soil, weather, and growth. These are the deities of effect. Joshua may or may not have made the sun stand still. Jonah may or may not have been swallowed by the whale. But this the hillman knows with powerful certainty that it falls wholly to this super-trinity of soil, weather, and growth to direct whether or not his corn turns out fifty bushels to the acre or only a hatful of non-shuckable nubbins; whether or not his fruit trees bear; whether or not his calves and pigs wax fat on open pasture, and ultimately whether or not he and his woman and his young'uns will eat heartily of likely victuals or scrimp through the winter on corn-pone and branch water.

Growth he can see and feed upon; soil and weather have immediate appeal to the range of his senses. He can recognize soil as a thing of beauty. Its color and texture predict coming harvests. Soil gives life and in turn takes life away. It provides his living. It is his first polaris. When he is hungry he takes food from it. When he is tired he finds it waiting and caressing.

But this trinity of soil, weather, and growth cannot be worshiped by gyrating or bawling forth hymns. Instead the hillman evolves a philosophy of harmony and submission. A sort of hazy pantheism it comes to be, free of text and teachers; a leisurely adoration of life as such, life the essential product of wind, rain, and sunshine, operating upon a given soil at a given season. It is a philosophy of animalism blended with one of leisurely compromise; it is an all-inclusive philosophy—worship, morality, group behavior, and credences all so pressingly interdependent as to demand saying at a single breath. The essential qualities of backhill life demand that the backhill denizen acquire a philosophy of self-sufficiency. But this philosophy does not have to be striven after. It comes, just as inevitably as the pawpaws come.

This merging of man with being, this submerging of self into life, has a powerful influence upon backhill morality. It has given rise to a unique system of ethical estimates. On the one hand there is the ethics of the Golden Rule. Such a morality urges that one shall feed the hungry, give water to the thirsty, and comfort to the suffering—only because it is within one's inward being to so give. Backhill ethics is essentially a morality of neighborliness. But it applies the Golden Rule only in part. It is a morality of compromise, a merging of altruism and utilitarianism.

Suppose that Bill Shrum up on Cato Creek has a sick woman on his hands. He is all wore down. For five nights he has had no sleep to speak about—only occasional cat naps. Moreover there are his five young'uns hanging around to be looked after. The herb doctor figures maybe it's typhoid but he can't do anything about it until he has taken time to procrastinate. What are the people of Cato District going to do about it? The chances are that they will, without hesitation or speculation, do the neighborly thing. They will contribute food, liquor, and company; they will take over the young'uns, tidy the house, change the bed-covers, and in general do their combined best to cure and comfort. Dynamic altruism? In part, apparently.

But there is its mission of utility. If Bill's woman has typhoid the disease may during the course of the summer spread to half the adjacent citizenry. Hill country drains rapidly. There is no sewage disposal. Usually the people take their drinking water from shallow wells or surface springs. Furthermore if the sick woman dies, the community will likely have to take over and parcel out the young ones. Thus it becomes a matter of the common good that Bill's woman recover with the greatest possible expediency.

Furthermore the theory of exchange is a motivating factor. There are no medical facilities, no established systems of credit, doctors are scarce, and transportation expensive and uncertain. Thus neighborliness comes to be mutually valuable. Next month the Tannehills may take sick. The same applies to slighter ills. If the Hatfield chickens develop roop or Tola Summerlin's hogs take the cholera the mishap is likely to become general. There are no stock laws in the back-stretches, all live stocks roam in Parnassian freedom of fences and so a disease will very probably spread and spread rapidly. If somebody leaves the gap to Lige Conner's field open and the stock break in and destroy his crops, that may result in another family for the community to feed.

Backhill morality appears to take little account of the excellencies of abstaining. To a hillbilly virtue appears heroic but futile. Sexual intercourse he regards as a turn in vital experience, and attaches to it but slight ethical import. To be sure the backhills still have their ample share of personal viciousness. Stabbings, murders, and feuds continue to result from games of horseshoes or mumble-the-peg, arguments over land or coon dogs, adultery or horse-trading. One reason is no more likely than another. Much of it appears to be pure animal meanness, the sort of thing which a behaviorist would be likely to attribute to poor feeding, exposure, cramping confinement, and depressed living conditions.

The ethical outlook of a people is necessarily influenced by their mechanics of living. Take the matter of communication, for example. Backhill stretches are not threaded over with power lines, telephone and telegraph services, railroads and paved highways. News is scarce and slow of com-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing. I have talked with hill people who never heard of the World War, and just the other day I brought a fine old free silverer to the point of tears when I told him that William Jennings Bryan was dead.

Absence of ready communication cuts off any number of moral urges. The up-country commoner hears nothing about relief for the famine-stricken Chinese, the support of superannuated ministers, or the encroachment of Dutch-Shell. He hears nothing about them, he knows nothing about them, and accordingly they play no part in shaping his behavior, moral or otherwise. Politically speaking, the run of backhillsmen are individualists. To them law and governments and constitutions and professional politics are vague as river mists in autumn. Law rarely ever suffers systematic enforcement in the backhills. You may find half a dozen townships in a row and not one of them with an officer or an official of any kind. There are, to be sure, intermittent raiding parties against the moonshiners, but the prohibitionists frequently prove to be the hardest-looking and least-ethical inhabitants of the uplands. Sheriffs are generally easy-going hangers-on at the county-seat town. In almost any back-country community you will hear accounts of stabbings or murders, of rapines and of mysterious disappearances.

"What legal action was taken?"

They look you over in doll-eyed amazement.

"Mister, this ain't in town."

There are other more casual outcroppings of backhill culture; backhill music, for example, an institution holding sway in its place of origin, a music as free of notes and clefts as a razorback hog is of registered ancestry. Approximately every backhill community has its favorite fiddler and approximately every fiddler will sooner or later favor you with his own compositions. The other night I was in Monkey Run, Madison County, Arkansas. Monkey Run is a typical hamlet of the higher-brush country. To say that it has fifty people would be flattering. But Monkey Run, Arkansas, has at least three active composers. The time was Saturday night, the occasion was a house-warmin' over at McCracken's. Dave Dingler was fiddling. Dave opened the evening by rendering virtually every standby on the musical menu of the countryside, which brought down mighty rough usage on the new plank floor. Then he began to favor with an array of original compositions—all out of his own head, including the titles.

"Hawk's Got the Chicken an' Gone," "Hawgs in the Cawn Patch," "Kickin' Up Dust," "One-legged Man What Sprained His Ankle," all of them rather delightful skits. Then Uncle Johnny Mulholland played some of his inventions and one of the Menges boys was on hand to demonstrate his ability at making sweet sounds. The audience displayed no wonder. Most backhill fiddlers do make up a good part of their tunes; playing them from memory as long as they can recollect them, which is likely quite a spell—the trouble being that each rendition may require befitting alterations until the original comes to be lost altogether. Most back-country musicians are musically illiterate. Show one a quarter note alongside an exclamation point and the chances are that he cannot tell which is which. But there are surprising similarities in the themes of old fiddlers, hints of the classic masters, and sweeps of fine romanticism.

There are songs of the hills, sentimental and lyric ditties and bastard ballads, era songs, Baldknobber songs, rustler songs, and moonshiner songs; place songs, sea chanteys brought to land. And by way of twin grace is backhill dancing, a folk institution, rhythmic and joyous; dances of light-footedness and ease, dances free of sobbing saxophones and perspiring brass. And although hill people are likely to be aged beyond their years, stooped by hard labor and poor diet, burned and roughened by exposure to rough weather and worrisome ills and poverty, young and old can still dance with spontaneity and delight.

There are other outcroppings in the form of country-side etiquette and folk ways, home-raisings, log-rollings, and half-ritualistic hunting and fishing expeditions, institutions which have, in other portions of our Republican empire, become lost in the mist of passing years. But backhill culture is self-regenerative and self-sustaining. It is a working philosophy of self-sufficiency. As an institution it is probably about as old as the hills and apparently it is to about the same degree subject to outside alteration.

In the Driftway

HENRY FORD is not one of the Drifter's major prophets, but his recent comment on age is wise enough to bear much repeating. After saying that he preferred workers between thirty-five and sixty years of age because of their greater stability and experience, and that he would not exclude those beyond sixty who could still do their work, he made this comment: "It is usual to associate age with years only because so many men and women somewhere along in what is called middle age stop trying. They let themselves be old."

* * * * *

THAT coincides precisely with one of the Drifter's pet beliefs—and therefore must be right. Two of life's greatest bogies are the clock and the calendar. The Drifter is not launching a campaign for their abolition. Neither could be extirpated from modern life, and both have certain legitimate uses. But they are overworked. The wise men who address graduating classes often urge their hearers not to watch the clock. It is quite as important not to watch the calendar. Probably it would be a great benefit to our children if we did not observe their birthdays. Certainly after the twentieth year we should cease to tell others our age and should as far as possible forget it ourselves. There is too much indiscriminate and unnecessary asking and recording of age. Such demands should generally be met either with refusal or, when that is impossible, with a fictitious statement in regard to what is nobody's legitimate concern. As it is, half of life is spent in being told we are too young for this and that, the rest in being assured we are too old for it. And what's worse, we get in the habit of talking the same sort of balderdash to ourselves.

* * * * *

THE Drifter can still recall as one of his most melancholy recollections an afternoon at the mature age of fourteen when he sat several hours in bitter regret and dejection meditating on his vanished youth and wasted opportunities. Girls of fourteen are told—or used to be—that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they are too old to romp. Men tell themselves at twenty-five that they are too old for sprinting because the records for short-distance running have been made by striplings of nineteen or twenty. At thirty these same persons tell themselves they are too old for football, and at thirty-five too old for baseball. A little later, guided by conventional belief rather than personal experience, they decide they are too old to learn a foreign language or to make new friends. Thus most of us go on through life putting certain things behind at various periods not because we are incapable of them, but merely because we think we must be.

* * * * *

FORTUNATELY women are now pooh-poohing many of the old conventions about age. No woman of this day thinks she is shelved as an old maid simply because she is not married by the time she is thirty, nor does a matron of fifty believe the time has come to retire to a rocking-chair and knitting. Women in their forties used to say they were "too old to dance." Now our bobbed-haired dancing grandmothers are too common to be a novelty. Fortunately we have practically no age limit on the dance floor any longer. Your conscience and the limberness of your knees is your guide. It's a sane rule. On with the dance!

* * * * *

THE Drifter doesn't know why anybody should want to live forever, but as a feat the thing doesn't seem impossible. George Bernard Shaw's case for it in "Back to Methuselah" is not wholly fantastic. Considering what medicine has done and is still likely to do toward patching up and keeping going the human body, everlasting life may be more than a consolation of religion. We die now because we think we ought to. After the conventional number of years we regard ourselves as old. Presently—with a proper sense of what is expected of us—we begin to fail, and finally we fade from the scene. In various ways the span of life has been extended in modern times. Bit by bit it can be still further lengthened, and in no way more effectively, perhaps, than through forgetting as far as possible what we are accustomed to call our age; through refusing to have the course of life preordained for us by an artifice like the calendar.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

"Undressing America"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On the roof of my house I have a small platform with sides. I suggest this device to lovers of sunlight like Stuart Chase and I attach the following list of advantages: (a) The two-foot solid railing cuts off the view and complaints of neighboring subconscious wish-fulfillers, (b) it is not expensive and the children like it for other purposes, (c) it is convenient—a person can dress in his own room and take a blanket and pillow with him to the observatory, (d) the defense can be offered that it is all equipment for amateur astronomy, (e) in the evening the stars, moon, and planets yield feelings of escape from our social heritage, feelings that are in reality the same awareness of man's insignificance experienced by day-time astronomers.

Fairhope, Alabama, June 30 WILLARD H. EDWARDS

"Wolf Solent"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I enter a brief minority report against Joseph Wood Krutch's review of "Wolf Solent"? It is a distinguished review, as usual; and though it leaves me dissatisfied, I find it hard to point out where Mr. Krutch seems to me mistaken or unjust. Very probably he is neither; and it is only because of a difference in temperament that I see the book more rosily, and find in it profound delights that would appear insubstantial to a scientific mind. Wolf is a man made up of nerves, and doomed to a hundred thousand wounds; he is inevitably an introvert, fated to have no victories except those that philosophy can bring; we must not expect him to be a "hero," or to carry the story of his wandering tentatives to an epic conclusion. He is inconsequential, without definiteness of purpose or direction; the whole purpose of the book, as I thought, was to portray this poetic indeterminateness of mind that achieves nothing and feels everything. To say that Wolf arrives nowhere is not to say that the book is aimless or ineffectual; on the contrary, it is just because the book attempts so difficult a theme as human failure, and just because it gathers so much incidental wisdom and beauty on its leisurely way, that it seems to some of us a unique achievement in subject, in temper, and in style. I read every word of it with great happiness: here was literature, the expression of a profound and matured philosophy of life, in prose that verged at every moment on the finest poetry; as a friend said to me, "John Keats has come back to life, and is writing prose." We have so little style in contemporary American literature that when a man comes who carves his sentences like statuary, colors them like paintings, and tunes them like music, I am grateful. "Wolf Solent" has faults; but I am convinced that the future will rate it as one of the very greatest novels of our time.

Great Neck, New York, June 26 WILL DURANT

The Church in Mexico

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since you are not, so far as I am aware, a lawyer, you may possibly be pardoned for not sharing an understanding of the "niceties" of the Mexican religious "squabble." But there are certain other niceties of accuracy and courtesy which one is accustomed to expect from *The Nation*... I refer to your issue of July 3.

It is inaccurate to say that Juarez passed his confiscating laws "toward the end of the nineteenth century"—the Reform Laws date from 1857; that the Holy Alliance sent Maximilian to Mexico—this was done by Austria and Napoleon III, not Russia, Austria, and Prussia; that Maximilian was shot for trying to be a good Catholic and a just and liberal prince—he was shot by Juarez; and so on. But these are minutiae.

You also say: "In 1926 the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Filippi, crowned Christ King of Mexico on the hill of Cubilete in the state of Guanajuato. He was expelled by the Obregon Government for violating the constitution." Mgr. Filippi was expelled in 1923. He did not do any crowning at Cubilete; he laid the cornerstone of the monument. He did not violate the constitution, as the Governor of Guanajuato admitted, for his act was performed on private land and it was not an act of worship. His expulsion was also illegal, even according to Article 33.

New York, July 1 WILFRID PARSONS, S. J.,
Editor of *America*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The article, Hungary's Frontier, by Emery Deri, in your issue of June 5, is below *The Nation's* standard of fairness. Mr. Deri very conveniently forgets the recent speeches of Premier Bethlen and the Hungarian attitude in regard to the Kellogg Pact. He forgets that the Hungarian children are taught "Nem, nem, soha" as their creed, and "No, No, Never" evidently does not express their attitude on the whole question of the present state of Hungary. Mr. Deri claims that the Trianon Treaty is "the most unjust and unfortunate among all the treaties concluding the World War," and "all this was done under the pretext of creating national states in the place of the 1,000-year-old Hungary with its many nationalities." But the author forgets that ill-treatment of minorities has been the cause of Hungary's downfall. The whole Austro-Hungarian Empire was held together by pressure from without rather than by internal cohesion. It was a feudal survival of medieval monarchical and political institutions. This "museum of political curiosities" was held together by the cohesive force of the Germanic and Magyar populations from within. The war policy of repression and terrorization resulted in the desire of the oppressed Slovaks and other nationalities to shake off the Magyar yoke. Mr. Deri knows probably that they did not hesitate for a moment to do so. One would assume that the break-up of the old Hungary would teach the Hungarians to treat the minorities in a better way. But it seems that the Hungarians, like the Bourbons, have learned nothing and forgotten nothing.

The situation of minorities in present-day Hungary is just as bad as it was in the pre-war days. There are, even according to Hungarian statistics, some 142,000 Slovaks in present-day Hungary, but they do not have a single Slovak school. There are a few schools in which a few hours weekly are devoted to Slovak reading and writing, but there is not a single school in which the language of instruction is Slovak. No Slovak newspaper is allowed to appear. No Slovak society is permitted to exist. However, instead of giving the minorities their due the Hungarians are more occupied in writing, in the words of Mr. Deri, that "the position of Hungarians under foreign rule is tragic. The racial and cultural oppression introduced by the Czechs and Rumanians is without precedent in the history of the world." The national minorities in Czecho-Slovakia on the other hand have equal civil and political rights. Members of the national minorities have free entry into the public service under the conditions generally obtaining, free entry to all posts, and right to the free exercise of all trades and professions. As regards the language question, the minorities use their languages freely both in private and in business, as provided for in the Protection of Minorities. Their relations with the public offices are regulated by the Language Law and by the complementary order to that law in such a manner that all members of a minority, in a district which contains at least 20 per cent of its population of that minority, may use their own language not only in the courts of justice but in all public offices. In districts in which the proportion does not reach 20 per cent the Ameliorations to the Language Decrees insure that no disadvantage shall accrue to a person for ignorance of the official language. The statistics of the number of schools in the school year 1925 show that out of 14,017 national schools 9,226 were Czecho-Slovak, 459 Ruthenian, 3,339 German, 814 Hungarian, 85 Polish, etc. Of 101,859 children of Hungarian speech 91,032 could go to Hungarian schools and 5,275 to mixed.

Newark, New Jersey, June 5 Joseph S. Roucek

Correction

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: James Rorty, in a letter published in your paper June 12, corrects himself as to his first list of poetry magazines in America, but still seems unable to correct accurately. I have heard of Harriet Monroe's magazine *Poetry,* and Harold Vinal's magazine *Voices,* but Harold Monroe's magazine *Voices* is quite unknown to me. *Voices* is edited by Harold Vinal, and is one of the oldest poetry magazines.

Another thing: *Driftwood from the North Hills* is not essentially a poetry magazine since it contains a good deal of prose. It is a magazine for Vermont by Vermonters with a sprinkling of writers from New Hampshire and Maine.

New York, June 8 Vrest Orton

Friends of Gandhi

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Anyone interested in Gandhi may have the use of Indian newspapers and magazines free of any expense or obligation by getting in touch with the undersigned.

New York, June 13 Paul D. Elliott,
P. O. Box 26, New York City

The Nation Radio Hour—Every Monday at 8 P. M.
526M.—WMCA—570K.
July 15—Mr. Mussey
July 22—Mr. Blanshard

Contributors to This Issue

Victor S. Yarros is on the staff of the Chicago *Daily News.*

Somerset Logan has been an actor, writer, and director on the West coast for many years.

Charles Morrow Wilson is assistant editor of *All's Well,* published in Fayetteville, Arkansas, by Charles J. Finger.

Irwin Edman is assistant professor of philosophy at Columbia University.

Clifton P. Fadiman is head of the editorial department of Simon and Schuster.

Eliseo Vivas was formerly in the department of philosophy at the University of Wisconsin.

James B. Wharton is the author of "Squad."

Kate Holladay Claghorn is on the staff of the New York School of Social Work and author of "The Immigrant's Day in Court."

William Gruen is in the department of philosophy at the College of the City of New York.

Thomas Caldecot Chubb is on the staff of the New York *Times* and is a frequent contributor to various magazines.

William MacDonald is a regular contributor of historical and political reviews to *The Nation.*

Carleton Beals, who contributed a series of articles —With Sandino in Nicaragua—to *The Nation,* has just left Spain.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books

Lines from an Ungallant Lover

By IRWIN EDMAN

You know, and knowing, dear, it stings
That I can think of other things;
You will not have a lover who
Is not obsessed by you, by you!
Whose cool continuance makes plain
He is no quite bemuséd swain.

Oh, I could lightly improvise
And cloud you with enraptured lies,
But still, though dazzled by your being,
My eyes do other kinds of seeing.

Then take me as I am, or grieve
That that is all there is to leave.
But think not, loving you, I could
Address you as my central good,
Or tell you (even though your name
Is music and remembered flame)
That your small star could ever be
The sun in my astronomy.

Or should I lie? And would you cherish
What then were left of me to perish?

A Creator of Myths

The Prince or Somebody. By Louis Golding. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THUS far in his American literary career Mr. Golding has paid the price of his refusal to simplify himself. He has not received one tithe the recognition to which his brilliant talents entitle him—and largely because he has not taught his public what to expect of him. He is not "good for" anything, in the sense that Mr. Walpole is "good for" serene and elegant pictures of the English upper classes or Mr. Huxley for an annual dose of ironic futilism. Mr. Golding must be the despair of his publisher, for he obstinately declines to be placed. His quiver is full of arrows: he has written some of the most sensitive and vigorous travel sketches in recent years; he was capable in "Day of Atonement" of sounding a genuine note of deep racial tragedy; in "The Miracle Boy" mysticism and grotesquerie are beautifully and originally blended; "Store of Ladies" was a smart piece of comic writing that leads one to believe Mr. Golding quite capable of putting Frederick Lonsdale in the shade, should he choose to devote himself to the stage; and now comes "The Prince or Somebody" which, while it could have been written by no one except Louis Golding, could, nevertheless, never have been even vaguely predicated from his previous books.

With all this sparkling versatility, there is nothing about him of the playboy, the gifted amateur. He is one of the most serious and responsible of living English novelists, a fact which has been obscured by the circumstance that he rarely touches on themes in the public eye, themes which are "significant" in the H. G. Wells manner, which can be reduced to some rememberable formula, some two lines of gibberish for the inane mouths of diners-out and ladies' clubbers. He is, in a minor way, a creator of myths; each of his tales has something in it of the legendary. It is touched with a fantasy, a strangeness which produces an indescribable and (queerly enough, in our day) a palatable romanticism. He is one of the few important writers of fiction who does not see modern life in terms of movements, tendencies, social crystallizations, problems, but in terms of extraordinary people and extraordinary happenings. Does this sound too simple and obvious a statement? Look about you; consider some of our most prominent writers—Huxley, Bromfield, Rolvaag. Distinguished as they are, there is one factor common to all of them which circumscribes their work: they all start from, or are obsessed by, a "theme," whether it be the decay of the intellectual class in England, the dominance of women in America, or the problem of the adaptation to pioneering conditions of the Scandinavian peasant. No matter how intelligently and humanly and concretely the theme is developed, one always feels it is a check-rein upon the writer's imagination. He is a slave to a viewpoint.

Mr. Golding has no viewpoint, no specialty, unless it be colorful and startling people. His novels are, in the best sense of the word, non-intellectual. This does not mean that they are shallow but that their motive power is furnished by the exploration of a personality rather than by the presentment of an idea. The personality may be so strangely situated and composed (as Rurikoff is in "The Prince or Somebody") that he sets in motion a train of circumstances of great emotional implication. Mr. Golding is a master of colorful farce, of grotesque incident; but his tales always travel beyond the farce and the grotesquerie.

I have said very little about the specific virtues of "The Prince or Somebody." That is partly because, as has already been remarked, one cannot sum up a novel by Louis Golding; and partly because I am more interested in getting people to read him generally than I am in trying to analyze any particular book of his. It would mean very little if I were to tell you that "The Prince or Somebody" is concerned with a darkly handsome Muscovite prince (he might also have been the son of an Italian-Swiss waiter from Soho) who loves his wife so much that he takes pot-shots at her on all possible occasions; and with the equally eccentric and even more beautiful Merryl whose love for her Prince is by no means diminished by these Mexican tactics. The mere story of "The Prince or Somebody" (perhaps just a trifle long-drawn-out) sounds like a mad extravaganza. Actually it is a brilliant piece of comedy of permanent value. The Rurikoffs are prevented from being merely gorgeous caricatures by being seen through the sympathetic, if basically conventional temperament of Ben Wain, a nice young Englishman. They are given another dimension, as it were; their escapades and tribulations are given a certain depth because Ben Wain can never, at any moment, quite make up his mind whether he is witnessing a comedy or a tragedy. Neither can the reader; and there lies the peculiar fascination of this most original book. For, by some magic, we are gently led away from our first testy conviction that Merryl and Fyodor are simply eccentric idiots, to a persuasion that they are that—and far more; that they are, in fact, mysteries—mysteries which happen to express themselves in apparent farce comedy rather than in ritual and miracle.

All of which is a remarkably confused appreciation of Mr. Golding's best book to date. It will have accomplished its task if it has succeeded in pointing out that he is doing something which no other British or American novelist is doing; that his work has an independent and incalculable quality, a flavor underived and untransmittable.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rabelais

Rabelais. By Anatole France. Translated and with an Introduction by Ernest Boyd. Henry Holt and Company. $5.

THE reaction which started sometime ago against Anatole France may have gone too far, but it is not altogether unjustified. The writer of "Penguin Island" could often be as superficial and innocuous as a meretricious peddler of popular inanities. The present book will convince any one who still doubts this truth. France calls it elementary scribbling, and though one does not want to agree with him, since his name commands respect, one is forced to. It would be difficult for any one who has crossed the threshold into Rabelais's world to write as superficially and ineffectually as he has done. There are, it is true, extenuating circumstances: France wrote the book originally as a series of lectures, expecting to deliver them to a highly fashionable audience in Buenos Aires. But a real thinker, no matter how superficial he wishes to be, should at least let out a ring, even if a muffled one, of his true temper. No echoes of that ring are overheard in this volume.

It is a pity, since here was an opportunity for France to show what kind of adventure he was capable of in the mansion of one of the greatest of the masters. The adventure he encountered was an altogether commonplace one: he brought to it his wide reading and his clever pen; but he left all else behind. And it is a further pity because with the exception of a short passage in one of Ellis's volumes of "Impressions and Comments" little else has been written, as far as the writer knows, to fix Rabelais's importance and estimate his significance. Historical studies there are in abundance, and no end of philological research—the sort of work which goes under the name of scholarship but which merely indicates dearth of critical imagination. There are also apologetic appreciations of what is deemed a wisdom regrettably scattered through inexcusable coarseness. But a criticism which would extricate out of his pleasantries the meaning of his activity—where is it to be found?

The satirist is a bundle of contradictions. He acknowledges reverence to the ideal, yet has a profound sense of its futility. Piety he possesses, but also irreverence. If he had no piety toward the ideal he would not laugh at the bungling way in which men seek to approach it. If he were devoid of irreverence, he would seek it single-mindedly, like Spinoza or Plato, nor could reality turn him from its contemplation in order to attend to the meanness and sham of the world. So that if his laughter contains an element of hostility and no small measure of forced indifference and scorn, it also contains pity and love. From this psychological knot of contradictions the satirist seeks relief. And the relief or catharsis which he seeks more or less consciously is achieved by breaking up the world's values through the prism of his criticism, and by stifling his natural piety, thus achieving a purer kind of freedom than the religious man ever attains. The pious man's reverential attitude comes naturally; it is the almost instinctive essence of prayer. The attitude of the satirist does not. It is the result of a painful attempt to look at the sham and bungling in human aspirations. He has not only seen the actual worth of ideals but has somehow managed to get himself beyond their claim.

In Rabelais the spirit of the satirist finds outlet in its purest form; so purely indeed, that it has been confused too often with buffoonery and mere coarseness. Whatever piety was in the man was rigorously suppressed, to find inverted release in coarse mockery—a form of catharsis to which the satirist has recourse. Cervantes was a disinherited satirist; he saw the world through eyes which contemplated at the same time a dream of personal success of which he was certain he had been cheated while less worthy men than himself had achieved it. Swift was a distempered moralist. But Rabelais "belonged"; he had it in his power to enjoy and possess the world he mocked; nor did he lose his temper because men are either hypocritical scoundrels or helpless sheep. His final judgment, indeed, is that they are neither, but just unroariously funny. His judgment of the world thus acquired added value. He was loyal to the ideal, but he also had to be loyal to his stern vision of reality. Hence he could only laugh, if he was to remain faithful to both. For him to have yielded to his pious strain would have been fatal; it would have meant the loss of the freedom which he had gained at the price of stern self-discipline.

ELISEO VIVAS

War from the Front

A Fatalist at War. By Rudolf Binding. Translated from the German by Ian F. D. Morrow. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.75.

Private Suhren. The Story of a German Rifleman. By Georg von der Vring. Translated by Fred Hall. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

Undertones of War. By Edmund Blunden. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.50.

Als Mariner im Krieg. Von Joachim Ringelnatz. Berlin: Ernst Rowohlt Verlag. M. 8.50.

WAR is a great emotional experience with a vivid dramatic content. And so, as is the case with love, it is often used by those who have chanced to experience it as an inspiration for a work of art. Yet, of itself, war, like love, cannot be recreated into a work of art without the leaven of artistry. That is my explanation of why "Private Suhren," a translation from the German; "Undertones of War," by an Englishman; and "Als Mariner im Krieg," published in German, fail to make any great appeal to me. "Private Suhren," a story of a private German soldier and his squad, contains an engaging whimsicality. It is so wholly subjective, however, that it has slight value as a war book, and its subjectivity is so trivial as to give it scant value as a general, or psychologic, novel. "Undertones of War" is presented in sketches which, toward the end of the volume, become verse. The sketches are typical of the English attitude of superficial casualness toward the war. That may be a way to undergo the ordeal of war, but not to create literature. If war is a great emotional experience—which I have never yet heard successfully denied—then why not treat it as just that; else not at all. In war, of all things, let a spade be a spade. Too much restraint is not to my liking. Mr. Blunden's verse strikes me as bad. It does not belong in my category of true poetry. My original thesis was inspired by "Als Mariner im Krieg." It is the wandering tale of a German writer who becomes a sailor and naval officer during the war.

"A Fatalist at War," however, is something else. It is the diary of a keen observer, a sensitive and intelligent individualist. As a war diary, with a stalwart thread of philosophy carried throughout, it impresses me as a superb book. It is the kind of note-book out of which a "Case of Sergeant Grischa" might be written. It contains a similar sweep in point of view, in sympathy and fatalism.

The author, Rudolf Binding, according to the jacket of the volume, was born at Basel, Switzerland, in 1867. Thus, when the war was declared, he was an adult, not only in years, but, as is obvious from his diary, an adult in intelligence. His notes commence with the autumn of 1914 and continue until after the armistice. The author began the war as commander of a squadron of cavalry and ended, apparently, as remount

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

officer for a German combat division. From his position as a mature, intelligent individualist behind the front—yet not too far behind—he watched and studied and thought about the war. The results he put down, very simply, carefully, and with literary ability, producing a study—almost a history—of the war from the point of view of the Central Empires.

Although never a defeatist, Herr Binding shows that he had few illusions about the war. Until nearly the end he was eager for and hopeful of victory, yet fully aware of the consequences of war and skeptical of war as a means to an end. As the war progressed and retrogressed he saw clearly the damage it was causing all combatants, and, toward the end, foresaw Germany's defeat. He picked out the weaknesses and errors of his country and his countrymen. Deftly he tells of these troubles: lack of organization and materials; failure of those at home to support the men at the front; the petty greed of officers—and chaplains!—for decorations; the weakness at the top, in the Supreme War Lord and among the members of his family. Many of those qualities which are brought out so finely by Arnold Zweig in "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" are here mentioned in daily notes.

The diary defies classification. It is almost as likely, it seems to me, to appeal to the militarist as to the pacifist. In that, largely, lies what I feel justified in calling its greatness, or better, perhaps, its tone of greatness. The intelligence and individualism of the author make for greatness of spirit. A patriot, and apparently favored by birth, he criticizes his country and his own class when he feels its members to be wrong, yet never leans over on the other side toward a sloppy, sentimental, sociologic sympathy with the common soldier. He seems to see the strength and weakness of all.

The diary contains numerous notes contradictory to the general view of Germany during the war which was held by those beyond the German borders. Chief among these is a sense of liberality which Herr Binding reveals. For example, often he speaks of putting certain criticism of his superiors in his correspondence in the hope that the letters would be intercepted and thus the criticism come to the attention of those concerned. Did officers of the Allied armies dare do that?

Herr Binding's remedy for war, presented satirically, yet with a vein of seriousness, on page 217, under date of April 4, 1918, apropos of a certain area on the Somme which had been fought over again and again, seems worthy of quotation: "This area ought to remain as it is. No road, no well, no settlement ought to be made there, and every ruler, leading statesman, or president of a republic ought to be brought to see it instead of swearing an oath on the constitution, henceforth and forever. Then there would be no more wars."

The only error of judgment found by me among the notes is the following: On May 3, 1918, Herr Binding reproaches the French for their extensive use of supposedly authentic photographs depicting certain German atrocities. He declares that neither Germany, England, nor the Scandinavian countries would lower themselves to this form of fighting. I must take exception to Herr Binding on this point. During my own war experience, while serving as a battalion intelligence officer with a combat division of the American army, it was my duty to collect and send back any papers of military importance found on the bodies of dead Germans. Among these were a series of luridly colored picture post cards showing German prisoners feeding blast furnaces or open hearths. French soldiers, as guards, were whipping on the naked Germans to their task. These cards, of course, were propaganda put out by the Germans to prevent desertion to the French. They seem to me in precisely the same category as the photographs mentioned by Herr Binding.

"A Fatalist at War" I class with Barbellion's "Journal of a Disappointed Man."

JAMES B. WHARTON

Births and Deaths in Western Europe

The Balance of Births and Deaths. Volume I: Western and Northern Europe. By Robert R. Kuczynski. The Macmillan Company. $2.

IS population increasing too rapidly? Are there too many human beings in the world? Many people think so, and decide that something must be done about it. As a result, proposals of far-reaching and imperfectly understood social consequences: restriction of immigration, colonization—with the attendant warfare to retain colonies and guardianship of the "inferior" races within them—and birth control. What are the facts back of this assumption? Few take the trouble to inquire carefully. This would involve a study of vital statistics, and statistics of any description are considered both dull and incomprehensible.

Here is a book, however, which gives us facts about population changes through a presentation of statistical material so clear, so simple, and so interesting that any reader, learned or unlearned, can understand and enjoy it. The present volume is the first of a series, and deals only with Northern and Western Europe. According to this study the population of this part of Europe has, as a matter of fact, been steadily increasing in numbers since the middle of the nineteenth century, notwithstanding a birth-rate steadily declining since the beginning of the twentieth century. A declining death-rate has so far kept pace with the declining birth-rate and in 1926 the number of births exceeded the number of deaths by 48 per cent.

But that is not the whole story. The birth-rate is calculated on the basis of the entire population, men, women, and children, the young and the old. But who actually bear the children counted in the birth-rate? The women of child-bearing age. It is their rate of production, then, that is the true measure of natural increase. To maintain the level of population, one generation of parents must replace itself by an equal number of offspring who will live as long as the parents did. Or, since the women of child-bearing age are the actual producers of children, the group of child-bearing women of one generation must replace itself by an equal-sized group of women in the next generation. Computing the fertility rate of 1926, Dr. Kuczynski finds that for the group of child-bearing women of that year the number of girls born to each woman was 1.12—a slight surplus over the replacement number. But some of these newly born girls will die before they reach the ages that will replace the maternal group. Making the necessary computations for expectation of life of the newly born at the mortality rate of 1926, Dr. Kuczynski finds that while 100 mothers gave birth to 112 girl babies, only 93 of these babies would survive to replace the mothers. Should the fertility and mortality of 1926 continue unchanged, the population of Northern and Western Europe is bound to die out. Only an increase in fertility or a decrease in mortality can change this trend. Dr. Kuczynski points out that little further reduction in mortality up to the end of the child-bearing age can be expected, so much has already been accomplished. The only remaining possibility is an increase in the fertility rate.

Dr. Kuczysnki resolutely refrains from telling us what we ought to do about this state of things. In this study he simply gives us the facts upon which we can frame any policy that appeals to us. Those who are laboring to provide for an excessive population, or are trying to reduce its numbers, may be encouraged to slacken their efforts in the confidence that nature (human or otherwise) is already taking care of the matter; those who deplore the shrinkage, can proceed vigorously with propaganda for the large family.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A second volume dealing with Southern and Eastern Europe, and with Africa and Asia, is scheduled to appear, and a study of North and South America will follow. We shall look with interest for these studies, to see how far the results differ in different parts of the world.

KATE HOLLADAY CLAGHORN

A Sentimental Sage

The Mansions of Philosophy. By Will Durant. Simon and Schuster. $5.

OUR modern Diogenes Laertius has forsaken anecdotal biography and turned a cordial and very sentimental sage. Like his ancient prototype, Durant has a shrewd sense of news values in philosophy which, while restricting his thought to superficial and less comprehensive regions, informs his essays with a lively enthusiasm and strong contrasts. His latest book is not without some trenchant criticism. A light humor relieves the frequent retrospective excursions over the field of philosophical literature and the book is given some unity by its recurrent thesis—if we must attribute a thesis to so genial a volume—that "philosophy is total perspective."

There is nothing either original or profound in this book. It is distinguished by Dr. Durant's epigrams and the art he has exploited so well of combining philosophical chaff with an appearance of depth and wisdom. In his two dialogues on history and religion Durant is a compiler and is at his best. He writes with such evident sincerity and zeal that one hesitates before the unkind but easy task of exposing his graceful sciolism. If he could be more modest in his pretensions one could accept and admire his work as an example of exceedingly witty and skilful journalism. But his naive and arrogant criticism of modern philosophy provokes closer reading which reveals his book largely as clever gesture and bombast.

Dr. Durant asserts that modern philosophers have forgotten Life. They "have been the slaves of mathematicians and physicists" and where they were not trivial they were unintelligible. In the obscurity of this philosophical wilderness our author's voice announces a gospel of clarity. And an astonished world wonders why philosophers have not learned to use Durant's lucid language and to write with such engaging glibness about "the directive unity, the creative resourcefulness, and the magnificent spontaneity of life." We learn that we can be free and enjoy the breezy caprice of life, for Durant has dispelled the oppressive fogs of determinism. Who would still adhere to that sinister doctrine after being told that "there was something cowardly in mechanism, with its shifting of guilt to heredity and society"?

Durant is a harsh critic of science as well as philosophy. "Biology is at a standstill. . . ." Life eludes that biology which seeks experimentally to discover the principles of genetics and organic reactions; biology must, in fact, break the shackles of instruments and its recent quantitative technique and when it "is freed of the dead hand of the mechanistic method it will come out of the laboratory into the world. . . ."

Here is a thinker who is quick, genial, and literary. Let no pedant spoil the blithe simplicity of his thought by suggesting that life is "creative" only in so far as it is determined; that mechanism is the essential feature of all control and purposeful, deliberate action; that if life and mind were not preponderantly mechanical, education and adaptation would be impossible. Let those who fear life retire into the "ivory tower of esoteric tomes." The free spirits can walk with Durant through the airy halls of his Mansions made pleasant by the spicy aroma of a philosophy of cosmetics and short skirts. Besides reading some excellent dialogues on history and religion

Yes—Bitter . . .

"The only live consciously rebel sheet in this pot-bellied land of ours," writes a reader of the

NEW MASSES

A magazine of social literature. A magazine for rebels. Literature born of the soil, the sweat and the grime of America. Written by miners, sailors, teamsters, textile workers, electricians, farmers and students. In the July issue

Floyd Dell Resigns

from this magazine because it "seems chiefly to represent a neurotic literary and pictorial aestheticism," and signs himself "Yours for the Revolution."

Michael Gold Replies

"Floyd Dell is just another victim of American prosperity. He made a lot of money in Sex. . . . Let him gracefully retire. . . . Let him wear a dress suit and fraternize around the tea tables with the literary racketeers. The dead should bury their dead. But the dead should not sign their letters 'Yours for the Revolution'."

And the press of New York and the literary racketeers boil over. Heywood Broun rushes to the rescue of dress-suit authors. Wrong as usual.

In the July issue: Bill Dunne on "Gastonia" • Mary Heaton Vorse on "Elizabethton" • Erwin Piscator, German director on "The Social Theatre" • Drawings by Louis Lozowick, Wm. Gropper, Adolph Dehn, Gan Kolski and others. Stories • Poems • Book Reviews.

In Recent Issues: Upton Sinclair, John Dos Passos, Martin Russak, Scott Nearing, Herman Spector, Robt. Wolf, Joseph Kalar, Ernest Booth, Joseph Freeman . . . many others.

THE NEW MASSES

is provoking, stimulating, bitter; it has guts and humor. It is the kind of magazine that provokes a lumber-worker to write: *"I'm yours to a cinder. We can always get the Dial, New Republic and the N——— when we hunger for the clean white pants of respectability."*

15 CENTS ON ALL NEWSSTANDS

$1.50 A YEAR

NEW MASSES—39 Union Square—NEW YORK, N. Y.

Enclosed $.....for the June issue.....and the rest of a year.....

Name .....

Address .....

.....

When writing to advertisers please mention **The Nation**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they can view at a distance a few ideas on politics and aesthetics and face the "vital issues" of Love and the Modern Woman. They will find it all very racy, entertaining, and newsy.

WILLIAM GRUEN

Concerning Narrative Verse

The Fate of the Jury. By Edgar Lee Masters. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

Pheidias. By John Galen Howard. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

AFTER a period during which a long poem was anathema to any publisher, we have recently, here in America, come upon a millennium for writers of stories in verse. Although Frost, Lindsay, Masters, and even Robinson had, for some years before this epoch, been writing narratives in verse, it was not until the advent of "Tristram" that publishers were convinced of their sales value. Jeffers, in his restricted and more complicated manner, was at the same time compelling attention toward dramatic narrative in poetry, and Stephen Vincent Benét and the Book-of-the-Month Club brought the whole matter to focus. The vogue grew, and every poet, foregoing lyric, turned his attention toward story-telling.

Since blank verse was seemingly the simplest medium, it became the accepted technique, with the result that a great deal of very bad blank verse is today on the market. There is, it seems, a discrepancy between this verse form and the kind of tale which must be told by the modern narrator. The discrepancy began with Browning. Blank verse, relaxed and unrhetorical, ceased after the nineteenth century to be blank verse at all, and became merely iambic pentameter. Modern verse writers using realistic plots, commonplace language, involved and subtle motivations, intellectual rather than emotional interpretations of life, cannot write blank verse with any excellency. Indeed, since the Elizabethan period of rhetorical and romantic drama and that period of deep religious conviction which led inevitably to Milton and to his epic, the sublimity of style and the perfect pitch of blank verse has gradually been forgotten. Although other great poets have made use of the form, it has never been quite so akin to the subject matter as it was in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Today the modern feeling is for a rhetoric such as Hart Crane's, a flare on the mountain peaks after a long climb through verbal underbrush, and gropingly through conquered darkness. It is not for the sustained and sublime oratorio of a Milton.

The turn toward story in verse is, indeed, not a turn toward verse at all. It is merely the universal and popular inclination toward a good tale, toward action in any form, not even widely divorced from the interest in the detective story. The alert publishers began exploiting the market thus created. Long narrative poems appeared on every side. And Edgar Lee Masters who had enjoyed fame when "Spoon River" fed his Main Street-hungry readers, and whose "Domesday Book" had appeared just a bit too early for the renaissance of narrative, wrote and published "The Fate of the Jury."

This volume carries on the Masters tradition of a writer more lawyer, psychologist, and story-teller than poet. A disciple of Browning, Masters has been using the dramatic monologue, and "Domesday Book" was patterned on "The Ring and the Book." In "The Fate of the Jury" we have the story continued. Each of the jurors listening to and judging the interwoven details concerning Elenor Murry's death, agrees to divulge his own spiritual history. The story of Merival, the coroner, takes up most space. His is the inquiring mind. To him in death-bed conversation or in posthumous letters come the histories of all the jurors in the case. Meantime his own story (a story pointedly like William Ellery Leonard's "Two Lives") is unfolding. He marries a woman who he knows will be the victim of inherited insanity. He marries her because of his belief (which is Masters's own theme announced by Lucinda Matlock in "Spoon River") that love and the acceptance of love and life, whatever be the dangers, are better than inaction—a philosophy not at all dissimilar to Browning's, although it is here given more modern and more morbid illustration.

"The Fate of the Jury" is interesting reading, an intricate weaving of tale into tale, an account of lesbianism, masochism, and duplicity such as Jeffers himself might, very differently, have used. The blank verse is the best Masters has ever written, and he has denied himself the long passages of personal philosophy which weighted his earlier stories. His touch, which has always been too heavy, is lighter in this poem, and "The Fate of the Jury" is, therefore, a better narrative than "Domesday Book." Whether or not it is a better poem would be more difficult to decide.

"Pheidias," the story of the great sculptor's life, of his training as a Greek, of his early and natural love for an intelligent woman, of his labor at Delphi and Olympia, and of his conviction on grounds of heresy, is based on authentic and careful research and is fairly well told. Greek education, Greek love, Greek art, however, have been material time and again, for much more beautiful prose than this is poetry. Mr. Howard adds nothing to the dramatic value of his account; his rhythms are undistinguished. The honey-sweet glow of pastoral Greek life is much better conveyed in H. D.'s short lyrics. His story might be more moving if the protagonist were not so certain of fame. But Mr. Howard could not alter facts, and he was not capable of building character convincing in its passions and its weaknesses. Pheidias is a book to be read by those who enjoy fictional biography, not by those seeking perfection of verse-form, or re-created wonder.

EDA LOU WALTON

History Briefs

1918-1928. A Short History of the World. By C. Delisle Burns. Payson & Clarke. $3.50.

Mr. Burns's book has several features which give it distinction among the rapidly growing number of brief manuals of its kind. Instead of looking at the decade since the armistice as a species of indivisible whole and treating its events in a more or less strict chronological order, Mr. Burns first distinguishes a period of transition from war to peace, then examines "the new system at work," and concludes with a survey of new issues, principally in Islam, Africa, and Asia. The subject-matter of the transition period is, of course, mainly political, but the nature of the second period gives Mr. Burns an opportunity to work into the narrative an unusual amount of well-selected economic information. The relegation of the war-debt settlements to a meager summary in a small-type note at the end of a chapter, on the other hand, seems an anomaly. The survey of new issues emphasizes the fact that, for Asia at least, the future will be concerned not merely, and perhaps not largely, with political or other relations between the East and the West, but rather with the rapid absorption by the East of such elements of European civilization as it can adapt to its own needs while retaining its cultural individuality. Space does not allow Mr. Burns to linger long anywhere, and it is apparently a part of his historical method to mix a good deal of comment and reflection with his narrative, but what he says is sensible and his attitude impartial, and the hopeful tone with which he ends ought to encourage those who believe that de-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mocracy and the common man will somehow extricate themselves from the present welter and come fully into their own. The usefulness of the book is materially enhanced by a chronological table of events, a short list of skeleton biographies, and some sketch maps.

A History of European Diplomacy, 1451-1789. By R. B. Mowat. Longmans, Green and Company. $6.

Professor Mowat has already published three volumes on the history of European diplomacy from 1789 to the present time, and he now completes his task with a survey of the more difficult and less well-known period from the middle of the fifteenth century, when diplomacy, in the modern sense, may be said to begin, to the close of the old regime. For those who want a readable and orderly narrative, closely packed with well-chosen facts, the book should prove eminently acceptable. Unfortunately for such as prefer to have history presented to them without theoretical accompaniments, Professor Mowat appears to be so confirmed a champion of peace as to be able, at times, to discern peace pretty far in the offing. Not all of those who use his book will be likely to agree with him that diplomacy "began as a means by which each sovereign aimed at preventing aggression from his neighbors," or that it became "ultimately, on the whole, from about the middle of the seventeenth cenntury, and without putting off its national attachments, an international agency for avoiding wars, or for localizing or concluding them after they had begun." Occasionally, too, Professor Mowat seems to contradict himself in his generalizations, as when he remarks (page 225), apropos of Walpole's war of 1740, that the public, "subject to intense excitement at times of crisis . . . frequently compels the responsible ruler or minister to take steps to which his better judgment is consistently opposed," and yet presently declares (page 248) that "in those far-off eighteenth-century days public opinion had not much influence upon the making of wars, although when aroused by victory or defeat it could vitally influence the question of continuing or ending a war." Happily for the reader, such generalizations are not many, and the narrative of facts is always at hand as a corrective.

An Hour of American History. From Columbus to Coolidge. By Samuel Eliot Morison. J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.

Anyone who is really concerned about the future of American culture may well pause before a "one-hour" series of books intended to meet "the insistent demand for a brief, authoritative survey of each of the outstanding fields of art, science, and social endeavor." If history, psychology, art, drama, health, poetry, motion pictures, music, and fiction (to mention only the titles announced or in prospect) are to be reduced to the dimensions of little manuals each of which can be read in hardly more time than union rules allow for luncheon, the volume of intellectual small change that passes for knowledge seems likely to be greatly increased. It must be said for Professor Morison that, given the limitations that have been imposed, he has discharged his task extremely well as far as selection of data is concerned. The pace is as breathless as that of a three-weeks' personally conducted tour of the capitals and show-spots of Europe, but what is exhibited is important, the chronological proportions are good, and some sound criticism and useful interpretation are mixed with the narrative. It is to be regretted that Professor Morison, who can, and in this instance often does, write exceptionally well, should allow himself at times to descend to slapdash and stud his pages with inelegancies which are out of place even in popular writing. The sharp contrast in literary quality which his pages show is a blemish upon what is otherwise a remarkably successful piece of summarization.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

□ THEATERS □ CINEMA □

Starting this Saturday July 13

GERMANS RIOT AGAINST PACT OF VERSAILLES
Germans 'Burning';
Ban on
Ends;
PEACE ANNIVERSARY MOURNED IN REICH
WAS GERMANY GUILTY?
REICHSTAG OPENS WAY FOR KAISER'S RETURN FROM EXILE TO BERLIN
15,000,000 THRONG GERMANY'S RALLIES TO DENY WAR GUILT
SEE- this Amazing Film
Then-Read this Remarkable Book
A Panoramic Presentation of Germany's Part in the World War Compiled from the only Authentic Motion Pictures taken under the Supervision of the General Staff
FIGHTING for the FATHERLAND
ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

S E E

—the assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand which started a war which cost $228,000,000,000.
—the tremendous German "March to Paris."
—the sinking of the Lusitania.
—millions die in the campaigns of the Marne and Argonne.
—how Von Hindenberg captured 50,000 Russians in one day.
—both sides of the great battle in the snow of the Vosges Mts.
—how 5,622 British ships were sunk.
—140 days of hell at Verdun where 600,000 men were killed and 40,000,000 shells were fired in one battle.

"FIGHTING FOR THE FATHERLAND" is a blasting argument against War

—and on the same program—
JOHN BARRYMORE in R. L. Stevenson's DR. JEKYLL and MR. HYDE

8th STREET film guild cinema

FILM GUILD CINEMA
52 W. 8th St. [Just W. of 5th Ave.] Spring [5090 5095
Continuous Daily, 1 P. M. to midnite.
Last 2 days—Thurs. & Fri., July 11-12—"RED OLYMPIAD" and CHARLES CHAPLIN in "THE CIRCUS."

Direction SYMON GOULD

GILBERT MILLER
(by arrangement with Maurice Browne)
presents
Journey's End
By R. C. Sheriff
HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 West 43rd Street
Eves. at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

"Still amuses with a kind of careless gaiety which no other revue has managed to capture."—Joseph Wood Krutch."

THE 1929 Grand Street Follies

with Albert Carroll and Paula Trueman

BOOTH THEA. W. 45 ST.—Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Please use following blank for notification of change of address during the summer. Do give us two weeks notice in advance of the date with which the change is to take effect.

The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York
You have been sending the magazine to

Name .....

Address .....

Beginning ..... *until* .....

please send the magazine to

New Address .....

.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

International Relations Section

*Modern Spain**

IV. Official Corruption

By CARLETON BEALS

Madrid, June 24

EX-PREMIER SÁNCHEZ GUERRA, in his harangue to the soldiers in the barracks of Valencia the night before the proposed uprising of the artillery corps last January, declared that every one of the twenty-one Cabinet Ministers prior to those of the present regime, without exception, had died poor. The only member of the Dictatorship who has died, the Duke of Tetuán, went into office a pauper but died a millionaire.

The name of the Duke of Tetuán is a byword for the personal favoritism which has enriched the hangers-on of the present regime in Spain, through a type of concession styled by the public as "Filipinas" in bitter memory of the graft-ridden colonial administration of the Philippine Islands. Part of the fortune of the Duke of Tetuán was acquired through a concession permitting the exploitation of the Falls of Alberche for light and power. On June 25, 1926, according to the official *Gaceta,* perpetual rights were conceded over portions of the Alberche River to the Iberic Metallurgical Electric Company. The state gave outright to the new concern 50 per cent of the proposed cost of construction; 5 per cent more for overhead; and of the remaining 45 per cent, put up 40 per cent for twenty years at 3 per cent interest. Yet the Government has no control over the company. In other words, the company organized by the then Minister of War, the Duke of Tetuán, was obliged to provide only 5 per cent of the whole cost of the enterprise. The board of directors was formed by the Duke and a close friend, José Soto Reguera, and other favorites. On December 11, 1926, the concession was transferred by royal decree to the Company of the Falls of Alberche, presided over by Reguera, and was promptly sold to a Swiss concern.

The critics of the regime point to many other ruined aristocrats who have been given concessions or monopolies intrinsically of enormous value, yet the investment cost of which has been borne almost entirely by the Government.

Some concessions border on the ludicrous. For instance, the monopoly of de-ratting—that is, of killing rats and disinfecting all Spain and all boats in her harbors—was given to Martínez Baldrich, son of the Minister of the Interior. In other words, if an establishment discovers rats on the premises, it must permit the son of the Minister of the Interior to do the killing at the price he ordains; or if sickness in a home has led to need for fumigation, the son of the Minister of the Interior will see that the premises are made livable again, at the price he ordains. The customary process is for the sanitary authorities to appear in an establishment and levy a stiff fine. On their heels come the agents of the monopoly, offering their services at so much a square meter.

More serious are monopolies which strike at the vital development of the nation. The Decree of July 5, 1924, granted exclusive right to transport freight and passengers by mechanical means over all the public highways of Spain, an undertaking in which the Minister of Labor, Eduardo Aunós, was personally interested. Critics of the regime charge that this deal involved the transfer of a million pesetas. If this decree had remained in force the people of Spain, in order to avoid being mulcted, would have had to revert entirely to the use of burros. Such a storm was raised that it was revoked; and on July 28, 1928, special concessions for twenty-five years were given to Carlos Benjumea, brother of the Minister of Fomento, Count Guadalhorce, for autobus and transportation lines between Madrid and Valencia, Madrid and Irún, Oviedo and Guijón, with annual subsidies of 2,000,000, 3,000,000 and 250,000 pesetas, respectively.

The regime declares that it has seriously set to work to solve the agrarian problem. But the area involved does not exceed 30,000 hectares; aid is given to less than 3,000 *colonos,* who are privileged to buy land at exorbitant rates on long-time payments. In Lerdo, for instance, the land for this purpose was acquired at an elevated price from the friends of the same Minister of Labor, Eduardo Aunós. (It should be noted that there are two civilians in the government of Primo de Rivera, one of them being Aunós. In the last elections, prior to the Dictatorship, Aunós had the singular honor of being thrown out of the Chamber for fraud in securing his seat.)

Serious, too, was the granting in February of this year of a monopoly over all air transportation, with a subsidy of four pesetas per kilometer, to the Casa Loring, the president of which is General Sanjurjo, Minister of War. The rival bid, which was not accepted, involved a subsidy of only 1.60 pesetas.

One of the proud boasts of the Dictator is road-building. Yet this work was, for a time, practically paralyzed for lack of cement. The Minister of Fomento, Guadalhorce, was owner of a cement factory. Hence heavy duties were put on importation, other factories were shut out of government contracts, and the founding of new factories was forbidden. The situation became so notorious that the duties were finally lightened, and the Minister formed a consortium of other cement producers to share in the spoils. But the right to authorize new factories still remains arbitrarily in his hands.

Other important concessions for the development of light and power contain similar clauses allowing the state to hold the sack for private interests. One on the Ebro River benefits the Confederación Sindical Hidrográfica del Ebro (Royal Order, March 5, 1926), already notorious for the graft involved. The falls of the Carrión River were turned over to the Unión Española de Explosivos (Law Decree, June 26, 1926); the falls of the Duero River to the Sociedad Hispano-Portugesa de Transportes Electricos (presided over by Horacio Echaverrieta, the Bilboa millionaire who arranged the 4,000,000 peseta ransom of the Spanish prisoners taken by Abd-el-Krim in 1921). This concession, potentially capable of supplying nearly all Spain with light and power, has passed into the control of the General Electric Company. The Pántano de la Toba (Decree, April 3, 1927) was granted to the Eléctrica de Castilla, in which the Urquijo bank and Ruíz Senén, *apoderado* for the Jesuits, are interested. The Canal of Heranes, the Pántano of Palmares

* This is the fourth and last of a series of articles on Spain by Carleton Beals.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Decree, April 5, 1927), and numerous others might be mentioned.

Spain has long had a tobacco monopoly, importation and sale being farmed out to a private company. Nowhere in the world is the price for unsmokable tobacco so high as in Spain. A new monopoly was created in August, 1927, for the benefit of Juan March, another favorite, for the sum of 1,333,000 pesetas, without calling for bids. Critics say that this concession was worth at least 3,000,000 pesetas.

Primo de Rivera copied the earlier tobacco monopoly in his new petroleum monopoly. Gasoline and lubricants as a result are more costly and of inferior quality. Captain Roma, on his South American flight, complained of the poor quality of his fuel. Spanish war vessels and aeroplanes are now obliged to import gasoline, for the product refined in the country is quite unserviceable. The new petroleum monopoly has benefited, among others, a group of Spanish banks, Juan Domine, personal representative of the Dictator, Juan March, Ruíz Senén, representing the Jesuits, and Calvo Sotelo, Minister of Finance. The personnel of the monopoly is crowded with army officers and favorites of the Dictator, all of whom draw fat salaries. The past two managers of the monopoly, Ernesto Anastasio and Carlos Resines, resigned rather than submit to the questionable machinations of Domine and the Minister of Finance.

The creation of the petroleum monopoly was high-handed. The Dictator arbitrarily appraised the properties of the companies and took them over. The Spanish companies were obliged to submit without cavil, but the foreign companies protested and are still protesting. As a result Primo has created a series of international difficulties and has burdened the Exchequer with enormous sums still to be paid. The American and English companies largely controlling the world market have boycotted Spain. The country, thus far, irony of ironies, has been largely depending upon Russian oil, but with the new international oil agreement this source may also fail. The Dictator has been scrambling around in the Venezuelan and other fields, trying to secure a supply which cannot be cut off by going into the production end. He boasts of having liberated Spain from the foreign petroleum trusts; but the Spanish people fail to see how they have benefited. An amusing epilogue occurred in this connection. The Spanish gunboat Blas de Lezo went to China to cooperate with the Powers. Subsequently it was unable for a long time to return to Spain, because the American and English companies which had been ousted from Spain refused to provide the necessary oil and lubricants.

Another sinecure is the state cotton commission with an annual budget of 3,700,000 pesetas. The entire cotton crop of Spain is probably not worth more than 40,000 pesetas a year.

The Dictatorship has meant fine pickings for the maritime industry. On December 18, 1923, the *Gaceta* set forth new subventions for various shipping lines, showing a deficit alleged to have been caused by carrying government supplies at reduced rates. These subventions had been twice rejected by Parliament prior to the Dictatorship. But on the accession of Primo de Rivera, the companies presented a petition for reimbursement in the form of a yearly subsidy of 20,000,000 pesetas. The Dictator instead handed them out 75,000,000 pesetas.

Shortly after the Dictator came into power, he appointed a commission to study the railways and reorganize them. As a result, a decree of July 2, 1924, authorized the construction of the connecting line from Ontaneda to Calatayud. In September the concession with a subvention was granted to Guillermo Solms, who on October 9 organized the Santander Mediterranean Company with a capital of 87,500,000 pesetas, i.e., 175,000 shares at 500 pesetas; 105,000 common shares, and 70,000 (35,000,000 pesetas) promotion shares. It is claimed that these promotion shares were handed out in the Royal Palace, and that Infante Don Fernando nonchalantly tossed a packet of them to a famous cabaret dancer.

For the construction of a direct line to Burgos, three bids were offered; but instead of accepting the lowest, the Government, over the protest of the railway commission, gave a portion of the construction work to each bidder at the highest rate, the beneficiary of the deal supposedly being the Infante Don Fernando of Bavaria. In the bids for the line connecting Cuenca and Utiel, again the highest bid was accepted because the Minister of Finance was personally interested. Similar scandals occurred in connection with the Soria-Castejón construction; and noteworthy steals have been consummated in the appraisal of private railways looking toward their absorption by the Dictatorship.

I might go on to detail the graft and favoritism in connection with the new Banco de Crédito Local de España, largely benefiting the gold-dust twins, Dominé and March, and the brother of the Minister of Finance, Calvo Sotelo; the erection of the Palace of the Press, benefiting Echevarrieta and the kept journalists of the regime; the coal mines of Berga; the national torpedo factory, benefiting Echevarrieta; the expositions of Seville and Barcelona and the fomenting of tourist-ism, enabling the sons of the Dictator and the Minister of Interior, Martínez Anido, to waste millions; the conversion of the national debt, resulting in a treasury loss of 300,000,000 pesetas to the benefit of forewarned favorites.

According to official figures broadcast to the public, the Spanish budget has balanced nicely ever since the Dictator took charge. Very simple. All excess is labeled "Extraordinary expenditures" and is never talked about. Hence the Spanish debt has increased from 14,901,106,000 pesetas in 1922, the year before the Dictator took charge, to 19,798,000,000 pesetas at the present time—an increase of approximately five billion pesetas. The Dictatorship is slipping down hill financially at the rate of nearly a billion pesetas a year. This deficit promises to increase even more rapidly.

The monopoly which has made the public most furious has been that to an American telephone company. The original telephone concessions in Spain, the most important of which were in Barcelona, Madrid, and Bilboa, had been granted for thirty-five years. At the end of this period the lines were to pass into the hands of the local government without cost. The thirty-five years were already up in Bilboa, but as the central government was already negotiating with the American company, there ensued a struggle as to whether the local Diputación or Primo should control the lines. A temporary compromise was reached. The American company (Compañia Telefónica Nacional), because the local concerns were soon to pass out of existence, bought up their stock at a song. In Barcelona the companies were owned by the Mancomunidad, the autonomous Catalán federation de-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stroyed by Primo de Rivera. With this destruction the lines passed to the center and were turned over to the American company for a sum roughly equal to six months' profit. The rest of the government interest in various companies, including that of Madrid, was paid for with stock in the new American company. *Le Temps* in a series of articles in November, 1924, pointed out that the American combine had received properties valued at 90,000,000 pesetas for approximately 40,000,000; and that in the deal there was a slicing of an unaccounted 25,000,000 pesetas.

The monopoly provides for no control over rates by the Government and the payment of *no taxes* and no import duties on products brought in. On the other hand, the Government may buy back the company within twenty years for the price invested plus 15 per cent. (In Madrid, the old company would have belonged to the state gratis within a few years.) Each year thereafter the premium percentage decreases 1 per cent. Thus, at the end of thirty-five years, the Government may buy back the company for a sum equivalent to that invested, but 80 per cent of the amount must be paid in gold; and the Government must accept without quibble the valuation as set forth on the company books!

The new C. T. N. (merely a holding company for the powerful American concern) immediately junked the old lines, from tacks to buildings, and installed entirely new equipment throughout all Spain. This equipment has been exclusively supplied by another subsidiary, the Standard Electric Company. From the terms of the concession it is obvious that it is to the interest of the C. T. N. to pay as high a price as possible to the Standard, to water its assets in every conceivable manner. But even if the Government ultimately buys back the C. T. N. it will remain at the mercy of the Standard, which supplies patent automatic telephones and other standard material of American make, and which will be able to charge the prices it sees fit, unless the Government, for its part, again junks the entire system.

Undoubtedly the service in Spain has been improved 1,000 per cent, but at rates which have precipitated conflicts from one end of the country to the other. The Government, by the terms of the monopoly, can do nothing concerning the new rates. In Santander the people declared a boycott of the C. T. N., the Bishop being the first to cut out his telephone. In Bilboa the company established interurban rates for outlying sections of the city. The Mercantile Center, Chamber of Commerce, and all civic organizations formed a protest committee. The Governor ordered the committee to dissolve immediately or go to jail. Strikes against high rates also occurred in Jeréz de la Frontera (Primo's birthplace) and Saragosa (where there are still no telephones). In Burgos, as in Bilboa, the strike committee was arbitrarily dissolved.

At the time of the merger Primo's son was kept on the C. T. N. pay-roll at a salary of 25,000 pesetas. He is now on the pay-roll of the Standard. The "Diplomatic Chief" of the C. T. N. is Señor Garcia Leoniz, a nephew of Primo de Rivera.

Nepotism under the Dictatorship has been rife. But if anything has aroused the ire of the Spanish public, it has been the forced public subscription of 4,500,000 pesetas to build Primo a home. Public employees were arbitrarily obliged to give a day's pay. Business men were instructed to pay amounts arbitrarily fixed by the committee.

3 Months Abroad $390

POCONO PEOPLES COLLEGE

ANNOUNCES

1 The second regular European Study Session Aug. 31-Nov. 30, 1929 in co-operation with Peoples Colleges, educational organizations and internationally prominent educators in England, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Finland, The Netherlands, France and Russia.

ELIGIBILITY: Young men and women who can supply evidence as to their acceptability in homes and Peoples Colleges abroad.

EXPENSE: Round trip New York back to New York, including tuition—$390.

Ten days in Russia $90 extra.

2 Seven months' travel course with special training abroad in physical education, adult education or economics—inclusive costs round trip—$675.

For information address:

Pocono Study Tour

THE OPEN ROAD, Inc.

20 West 43rd Street New York

The Dismal Science Made Delightful

The USEFUL ART OF ECONOMICS

by George Soule

"I HAVE yet to read better written, more cogently stated and clearer non-technical statements of the well-known facts on the protective tariff, the chief problems of foreign trade (including reparations and the inter-allied debts), the means of stabilizing business and the present status of the American farmer than are to be found in this volume."—ROBERT A. BRADY in the *New York Herald Tribune*.

At bookstores $2.00

The Macmillan Company New York

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED